

THE LIVING AGE.

No. 1060.—24 September, 1864.

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NEW BOOKS.

POEMS, by David Gray. With Memoirs of his Life. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

THE REBELLION RECORD : A Diary of American Events, 1860–1864. Part 43. By Frank Moore, Author of "Diary of the American Revolution." New York : G. P. Putnam. This Part contains Portraits of Generals Hazen and Willcox.

POEMS, by Jean Ingelow, ninth edition. Boston : Roberts Brothers.

 In the present number we begin to publish "The Clever Woman of the Family," by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe." When completed, it will be published as a separate work.

 We have, at last, with great regret, sold the stereotype plates of the First Series of *The Living Age*, to be melted by type-founders. We have a small number of copies of the printed work remaining, which we shall be glad to receive orders for so long as we can supply them.

ATTENTION is respectfully requested to the following

NEW TERMS OF "THE LIVING AGE."

The Publishers have resisted as long as they could the growing necessity of advancing the price of this work. But when paper costs three times as much as before, and a remittance to London more than twelve dollars for a pound, and every other expense of manufacture is greatly increased (saying nothing of the expense of living), it is evident that sooner or later the Proprietors must follow the course of The Trade.

The change is made only after every other resource has been exhausted ; and we confidently appeal to the kindness and justice of our old friends, asking them, not only to continue their own subscriptions, but to add the names of their friends to our list.

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THE LOST LAMB.

THE marsh and meadow lay in fog,
The night was chill with drizzly rains,
The gude-wife turned the smould'ring log,
And spread the snowy counterpanes.

The child within its downy bed
She tucked with more than wonted care,
Then laid her own thrift-weary head,
And into dreams slipped half her prayer.

Past midnight, and the dame awoke.
A cry of anguish filled the room !
She listened : not a murmur broke
The silence of the household gloom.

Again and yet again she stirred
In startled slumber through the night,
As oft her fevered fancy heard
Some wild, strange summons of affright.

Toward dawn it sounded yet again,
Plaintive and lone, and faint and far ;
'Twas like a childish cry of pain,
Or utterance, as "Mamma, mamma !"

She sprung from bed, and sought her child:
Soft nested in its crib it lay,
And on each sleeping feature smiled
The first faint promise of the day.

Back to her bed the gude-wife crept,
Her eyes half blind with tender tears :
"In God's own hand my darling's kept—
How foolish are a woman's fears !

"Some lamb, most like, has strayed the fold,
The poor lone thing was bleating 'ba,'
Which, borne upon the fog and cold,
Seemed to my mother ears, 'Ma, ma.' "

Next day a piteous tale went round ;
The village street was all agog ;
A child's dead body had been found
Stiff standing in the meadow bog !

The little feet had strayed away ;
The clinging mire had held them fast
Till death, slow dawning with the day,
Brought her its blest release at last.

And there, throughout that livelong night,
A helpless child of tender years,
Fainter and fainter with affright,
Had called "Ma, ma" to sleeping ears !

I knew her not ; I only found
In printed page this tale of fear ;
But when I cease to hear that sound,
I shall have ceased all sounds to hear.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

IN VAIN.

CLASP closer arms, press closer lips,
In last and vain caressing !
For never more that pallid cheek
Will crimson 'neath your pressing.
For these vain words and vainer tears
She waited yester even ;
She waits you now,—but in the far
Resplendent halls of heaven.

With patient eyes fixed on the door,
She waited, hoping ever,
Till death's dark wall rose cold between
Her gaze and you forever.
She heard your footsteps in the breeze,
And in the wild-bee's humming ;
The last breath that she shaped to words
Said softly, "Is he coming ?"

Now silenced lies the gentlest heart
That ever beat 'neath cover ;
Safe—never to be rung again
By you, a fickle lover !
Your wrong to her knew never end,
Till earth's last bonds were riven ;
Your memory rose cold between
Her parting soul and heaven.

Now vain your false and tardy grief,—
Vain your remorseful weeping ;
For she, whom only you deceived,
Lies hushed in dreamless sleeping.
Go ; not beside that peaceful form
Should lying words be spoken !
Go, pray to God, "Be merciful
As she whose heart I've broken."

—*Lucy Hamilton Hooper's Poems.*

A PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE.

BY HIMSELF.

[At the recent *fete* for the benefit of the Dramatic College in London, the following card was sold in the stalls:]

A SWEETER or more lovable creature,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,
The spacious world cannot contain again.
His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him

That nature might stand up and say
To all the world, This was a man !
He was ever gracious, had a tear for pity,
And a hand open as day for melting charity !
His bounty was as boundless as the sea,
His love as deep ; the more he gave the more
He had ; for he was infinite.
Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all admiring, with an inward wish,
You would desire to see him made a prelate.
Hear him debate on commonwealth affairs,
You'd say it hath been all in all his study.
List his discourse on war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rendered you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose
Familiar as his garters. And when he speaks of
love !

The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences.
Our poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Did glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven ;

And as imagination bodied forth
The forms of things unknown, our poet's pen
Turned them to shapes, and gave to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Found tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

From The Literary Examiner.

Enoch Arden, etc. By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L., Poet-Laureate. Moxon.

WHEN Dante taught men how a poet should write in his mother tongue, he expressed the simple truth of his soul through the artificial learning of his time, by saying that the nature of man allies him to the vegetable and to the animal world, as well as to that of his fellows. Man, he said, agrees with plants in seeking what is useful; for, indeed, the whole life of a plant consists in selecting from earth, water, and air, whatever will contribute to its healthy growth. With the lower animals he seeks what is delightful. And his race is alone or allied to the angels in desiring what is rational. The poet, according to Dante, when he addressed his countrymen in their own tongue, was to speak to their whole nature in its three parts and to each in its intensity, through that which is in its own way greatest. Now, he taught, in regard to usefulness, the chief thing is health; in regard to pleasure, love; and in regard to reason, virtue, a well-governed will. Judged by this test of the great Father of modern poetry, Mr. Tennyson is essentially a nation's poet. From earth, water, and air, his verse draws all that is most wholesome into its strong life, and while he sings in all its purest forms the exquisite delight of love, his music never leaves the higher soul of man untouched. The healthy English strain fastens upon our best household affections, and embodies in the purest poetry the better spirit of the land. "My love and duty to you" is a homely phrase; but it has English character, and represents the side of English character for which Mr. Tennyson has shown his sympathy in many a former poem, and notably in the new volume which he publishes to-day. Its first poem, "Enoch Arden," is a tale of the tenderest domestic love reaching in the highest form of that virtue which lies in a self-governed will, by a sublime act of self-sacrifice. The next poem, "Aylmer's Field," is of true love under the ban of social forms that have in them no soul of truth and honesty; and here Mr. Tennyson sings as he has sung before, and the best poets of our country have sung, and our best preachers preached, our best politicians worked and fought, and our best philosophers philosophized since England first became a nation, constant in battle against

wrongful despotism. There is a cold spirit of caste yet to be banned from among us. We are yet only part free, and rites and forms remain that are the "wreaths of floating dark" to melt in the spreading sunrise of a religion that sets high above all battles of the churches true acceptance of the Sermon on the Mount, or to fly in the wind of a poetry

"Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

So dowered is Mr. Tennyson's new tale of "Aylmer's Field." More mighty strokes were not dealt by Excalibur than fall from its righteous scorn of the disdainful man who, for a fiction of his own sharp-born divinity, thwarts all that is most sacred in the nature of his child, extinguishes the race he might have renewed gloriously, and dying in his desolate house, leaves it to break down into common ground, where

"Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,
The hedgehog underneath the plantain bores,
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
The slow-worm creeps, and the thin weasel there
Follows the mouse, and all is open field."

In the next poem, "Sea Dreams," the cares and blessings of married love blend fancifully with the swell of the great waters; but its dream-pictures fasten on realities of life, and they are true as gospel, for thence comes the whole light of their beauty. A poor city clerk and his wife wring from scanty means a month by the seaside for the health of their sick infant. The care of the world is heavy on the husband, for a pious hypocrite has duped him into buying shares in a mine that has swallowed up the little savings of his years, and threatens next to swallow up him too in utter ruin. They come to the sea on Saturday, on Sunday hear a Boanerges knock the world down in his chapel, in the evening play with their child by the sea, and on the Sunday sleep, with their child by them, within sound of the breaking waves:

So, now on sand, they walked, and now on cliff,
Lingering about the thymy promontories,
Till all the sails were darkened in the west,
And rose in the east; then homeward and to bed;

Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope
Haunting a holy text, and still to that
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,
'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath.'

Said, 'Love, forgive him;' but he did not speak;

And silenced by that silence lay the wife,
Remembering her dear Lord who died for all,
And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But in the sea-dreams and the wakings from them and the still communion of the night; communion not so still but that the parent voices wake the child—the wife had wished their enemy forgiven before she told the news brought by a later comer from their town who had spoken with her on the shore:

"'Dead? he? of heart disease? what heart had he
To die of? dead!'

"Ah, dearest, if there be
A devil in man, there is an angel too,
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,
His angel broke his heart. But your rough voice
(You spoke so loud) has roused the child again.
Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will she not sleep
Without her 'little birdie?' well then, sleep,
And I will sing you 'birdie.'"

"Saying this,
The woman half-turned round from him she loved,
Left him one hand, and reaching through the night
Her other, found (for it was close beside)
And half-embraced the basket cradle-head
With one soft arm, which, like the pliant bough
That moving moves the nest and nestling, swayed
The cradle, while she sang this baby song.

"What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger.
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

"What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away.
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby too shall fly away.

"She sleeps: let us too, let all evil, sleep.
He also sleeps,—another sleep than ours.
He can do no more wrong: forgive him, dear,
And I shall sleep the sounder!"

Then the man,
"His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.
Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound:
I do forgive him!"

"Thanks, my love," she said,
"Your own will be the sweeter," and they slept.

In the next poem, yet more full of tenderest home feeling, an old grandmother speaks upon hearing that her eldest boy Willy is dead. He died at the age of sixty-five, but to his daughter, from whom while under her roof she has just received the news, she bubbles tearless of the past. The dead man is again a babe in her young arms. "Willy, my beauty, my eldest born, the flower of the flock."

"Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue,
I ought to have gone before him; I wonder he went so young.
I cannot cry for him, Annie; I have not long to stay;
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

"Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am hard and cold;
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old;
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

"For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.
I mean your grandfather, Annie; it cost me a world of woe,
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago."

And from her vivid memory of days when love was new, she turns to the long bygone joys and sorrows of her married life:

"So Willy and I were wedded; I wore a lilac gown;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown.
But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.

"That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death.
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath.
I had not wept, little Annie, not since I had been a wife;
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life.

"His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain;
I looked at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain.
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn;
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born.

"But he cheered me; my good man, for he seldom said me nay;
Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would have his way;
Never jealous—not he: we had many a happy year;
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seemed so near.

"But I wished it had been God's will that I, too then could have died:
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget;
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

"Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you;
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill.

"And Harry and Charlie, I hear them, too,—they sing to their team;
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

"And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive;
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five:
And Willy, my eldest born, at nigh three-score and ten;
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

"For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve;
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve:
And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip, and so do I;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

"To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad:
But mine is a time of peace, and there is grace to be had;
And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease,
And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.

"And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,
And happy has been my life; but I would not live it again.
I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

"So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower;
But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour,—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next:
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vex't?

"And Willy's wife has written, she never was overwise.
Get me my glasses, Annie: thank God that I keep my eyes.
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have past away.
But stay with the old woman now: you cannot have long to stay."

In the next poem, "The Northern Farmer," Mr. Tennyson uses rustic dialect, not for the poor fancy of doing something new, but with the clear poetical intent of representing an untaught rustic who lags behind his age even in use of his mother tongue, and who on his deathbed must drink the quart of ale he has drunk every market night for forty years, whatever the doctor may say of the consequences, for he "beant a fool," and "doctors they knaws nowt," and the parson has been to him, "Larn'd a ma' beä. I 'annot so mooch to larn." The Northern Farmer is a poet's type of many a man of many a degree within the narrow circle of sight whereof he is himself the centre. It puzzles him that he should be taken and others left, *he* who has stubbed the waste where there hadn't been feed for a cow,—

"Warnt worth nowt a hacre, an' now theer's lots o' feed,
Fourscore yows upon it an' some on it doon in sead.

"Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I mean'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall,
Done it ta-year I mean'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an' all,
If godamoighty an' parson ud' nobbut let ma aloan,
Mea, wi' haate onderd haacre o' Squoire's an' loud o' my oan.

"Do godamoighty knaw what a's doing a-taakin' o' mea?
I beant wonn as saws 'ere a bean an' yonder a pea;
An' Squoire 'ull besa mad an' all—a' dear a' dear!
And I 'a monaged for Squoire come Michaelmas thirty year.

"A mowt 'a taaken Joanes, as 'ant a 'aapoth o' sense,
Or a mowt 'a taaken Robins—a niver mended a feuce:

But godamoighty a moost taake mea an' taake
ma now
 Wi 'auf the cows to cauve an' Thornaby holms
 to plow!

"Look 'ow quolty smoiles when they sees ma a
 passin' by,
 Says to thessen naw doot 'what a mon a bea
 sewer-ly!'
 For they knows what I bean to Squoire sin fust
 a comed to the 'All;
 I done my duty by Squoire an' I done my duty
 by all.

"Squoire's in Lunnon, an' summun I reckons
 'ull 'a to wroite,
 For who's to howd the lond ater mea thot mud-
 dles ma quoit;
 Sartin-sewer I bea, thot a weant niver give it to
 Joanes,
 Noither a moant to Robins—a niver rembles the
 stoans.

"But summun 'ull come ater mea mayhap wi'
 'is kittle o' steam
 Huzzin' an' manzin, the blessed fealds wi' the
 Devil's oan team.
 Gin I mun doy I mun doy, an' loife they says is
 sweet,
 But gin I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abear
 to see it.

"What atta stannin' theer for, an' doesn bring
 ma the yaale?
 Doctor's a 'tottler, lass, an a's hallus i' the owd
 taale;
 I weant break rules for Doctor, a knaws naw
 moor nor a floy;
 Git ma my yaale I tell tha, an' gin I mun doy I
 mun doy.

The piece is to be read as a poem, not as a study of Lancashire or any other dialect. Its broadened language is a poetical generalization not a recreation in philology. Lancashire dialect is enshrined in our literature by Tim Bobbin's "Tumms and Meary," who like good Lancashire peasants say "aw," where Mr. Tennyson's farmer says "I," say "an" for "and," and do not pronounce been beân, but bin. Lancashire "beawn" means not been, but "on the point of going." These are not notes on Mr. Tennyson's poem, but only warnings against a very possible misreading which will lead men away from the spirit of the work into a frivolous side issue. Mr. Tennyson could only deal, and he has dealt most happily, with the broad-vowelled Northern English as a poet writing for all England what must be clear without the aid of a provincial interpreter. For the amusement of any one who would like to compare Mr. Tennyson's rhymes in a rustic English with the genuine Lancashire of Tim

Bobbin, we quote a scrap from the dialogue of "Tumms and Meary." Justice's justice is the topic on which Thomas is speaking:

"Boh yet, Meary, aw think imeh heart at teers meawse neezes* among sum on um, as weel as among otheer foke, or why shud tis same clark o'his, when he thought aw'r innocent, proffert' bring meh off for hawve a ginney? Hadno that a strung savor o'fair chettin, nay deawn reet nippin' o' poor foke? An dus teaw think at tees justices dunno' know when thoose tikes playn a hundert wur tricks than this in a yer? Beside, Meary, aw yerd that fawse felley, Dick o' Yems, o' owd Harry's say at he knew some on em at wentn snips wi thees caterpillars, theer clarks; an iv so, shudnno they beh hugg'd o'th same back, and seutcht with same rod as ther clarks? Yerstomeh? †

M. Nawe, nawe, not tey marry? for iv sitch things munt beh done greedly, an aste oughten to beh dun, th' bigger rascot shud-ha th' bigger smacks an moor onem yo known, Tumms. Boh great foke oft dun whottewin wi littleuns, reet or rank; ‡ whot earn they? So let's lyev sitch to mend when they con hit ont; an new tell meh heaw yo wentn on wi yor mester.

T. Eigh by the miss, Meary; I'd fryetn that. Why theaw mun know, isitch o' case as tat awd no skuse to may; so aw towd him heaw th' kawve wur kilt i'th lone, an at awd sowd th' hoyde § for throtten pence; an then aw cud tell him no moor, for he nipt op th' deashon at stood o'th harstone, an whirtl it at meh; boh instid o' hittin meh it hit th' ryem || mug at stode o'th hob, an keyvt o' ryem intoth foyer."

With the Northern Farmer end the chief poems in Mr. Tennyson's new volume. Then follow some shorter miscellaneous pieces. First of them is that in which Tithonus, beloved of the Dawn who prayed for him immortal life and forgot to pray also, that he might ever remain young, bewails the endlessness of his decrepitude.

"A white-haired shadow roaming like a dream
 The ever silent spaces of the East
 Far folded mists and gleaming halls of morn.

The reader needs not to be told, that this, and one or two other, of the shorter pieces in the book, have been printed before, in the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Macmillan's*, and Miss Faithfull's Christmas book, the *Victoria Ragia*.

* There's mouse sneezes.

† Hear'st thou me?

‡ Right or wrong.

§ I'd sold the hide.

|| Cream.

After "Tithonis," in a poem called "The Voyage," man's endless pursuit of that which he can never grasp, is figured in the song of a ship, that sails evermore over the round world, in circles that return ever upon themselves.

Next follows this tender little poem :

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ.

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,

All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walked with one I loved two-and-thirty years ago.

All along the valley while I walked to-day,
The two-and-thirty years were a mist that rolls away ;

For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead ;

And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

The next poem, "The Flower," is an allegory of the gifts of genius. The original mind produces something new, it is despised as a weed, it grows to its indisputable glory. Men steal its seed and sow it far and wide, till all admire its splendor. It becomes common, thrives fairly well or ill according to the soil in which they plant it, and by its very familiarity and frequent poverty of growth passes again for a weed.

Then follow two stanzas, "Resquiescat" on the passing life of a fair girl. Next is "The Sailor Boy," a gleam from the young English soul that loves the sea. "The Islet" might be read as a rebuke to sentiment of the school of Thomas Moore, a song of the weariness and peril of a luxury of selfish ease. The happiest may not find happiness together in an Islet parting them from the great commonwealth of their fellows in which they are born to live and labor. "The Ringlet" supplies tuneful lines for music, with changes and depths of feeling that would make it worth the setting of a musician with a genius kindred to the poet's. Then follows, immediately preceding the closing dedication to one "dear, near, and true," the well-known "Welcome to Alexandra," which, though good among occasional pieces of this kind, is not to be ranked with the poet's happiest efforts.

Mr. Tennyson has been a laureate not simply chary of flattery but absolutely avoiding all untruthful compliment. None of his predecessors in the office have excelled and

few have equalled him in the sincerity of loyal and personal affection to the sovereign. In words of undying because truthful praise, he has enshrined the memory of the Prince Consort. But he has held aloof from every trivial occasion for the mechanical exercise of the office of laureate. He has been in this of one mind with Cremona's Vida, to whom Pope gave no undeserved eulogy as one who wreathed the critic's ivy with the poet's bays.

"Nec jussa canas, nisi forte coactus
Magnorum imperio regum, siquis tamen usquam
est

Primores inter nostros qui talia curet.
Omnia sponte sua, quæ nos elegimus ipsi,
Proveniunt, duro assequimur vix jussa labore."

There are none thank Heaven, "primores inter nostros" who in these days demand a parasitic song ; and if there were, that song could not be had from Alfred Tennyson. Observe the manly simplicity of those few lines of "Welcome to the Princess Alexandra," which do not pass a syllable beyond poetical embodiment of the enthusiastic welcome she received. She came among us a young girl, heartily welcomed, but of character unknown, to a happy lot ; and while less earnest writers were joining to their outpourings of sentiment a fulsome adulation, which declared her out of hand to be all that an angel can ever hope to be, our laureate said not a word beyond the truth, that she had enthusiastic welcome, and was "as happy as fair." And he looked as simply and faithfully from the thought of her present bliss to the duty before her,

"Oh, joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own."

This sterling truth is indeed as the very backbone of the genius of Mr. Tennyson. Through it he allies himself to all that is noblest in the English character. His most exquisite subtleties of true perception or refined and perfect sympathy, expressed with a rare clearness in the purest English. And his English is always clearest where the stream of its thought runs deepest, so that his best and wisest thoughts are always those that come the straightest home. Of that we shall have illustration presently when we return to the poem, "Enoch Arden," which we have left untouched while sketching the other contents of the book.

And we may return to them at once when we have said a word or two of the remaining ten pages of "Experiments" in smaller print.

In the first of these Boadicea pours the torrent of her wrath upon the Romans, and her impetuous speech harmonizes well in spirit with the trochaic tetrameters through which she is made to pour her eloquence. The measure is not an easy one to transfer into English, and while "her fierce volubility" is signified the more intensely by constant use of a tribrach in the seventh foot, as the use of that excludes from the sixth foot the discord of either a spondee or an anapest, the difficulty is thereby somewhat increased; but it is very hard to ensure from an English reader, as in the eighth line for example, by avoiding stress on the "me" in "pity me," a distribution of emphasis that would not destroy the delicate music. To the trained ear Mr. Tennyson's experiment in this measure is a success, but not, we suspect, to the untrained. The Alcaics in honor of Milton are a failure to achieve what is impossible; the mixed measure baffles all ordinary English sense of number in a form of scanning foreign to the language. The Hendecasyllabics according to the favorite measure of Catullus, are musical enough to make us wish that instead of idly stringing lines that are but half descriptive of the spirit of the metre, Mr. Tennyson had tried to cage in it some "Lesbia's Sparrow" of his own, or even had translated into its own measure the little poem on the sparrow's death. That on the sparrow, "*Passer, delicias mea puellae*," exquisitely dainty as it is, falls in its sentiment below the vigorous and earnest strain of our own poet's thought: The scrap of Homer in blank verse is for the controversialist who argue over the translating of Homer. We are content, for the Iliad, with Chapman among the elders, and for the Odyssey, among translators of our own day with the faithful grace of the Spenserians of Mr. Worsley.

Now, therefore, having glanced through this new addition to the incorruptible part of the literature of our country, we turn back to the first page and open the book at the opening of the tale of "Enoch Arden," one, like all good poems, to be read and re-read many times to be enjoyed, the more the more it is familiar, from which, therefore, we cannot do better than quote freely. Here are the scene of the story, and the characters, whose child's play shadows the tragic earnest of their latter lives:

"Long lines of cliff breaking have let a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a mouldered church; and
higher

A long street climbs to one tall-towered mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

"Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad,
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, played
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflowed, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily washed away.

"A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
In this the children played at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress."

"Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
while Annie still was mistress." The children grew, the two youths loved the girl with all their hearts, but Enoch, the strong, faithful sailor, married her. And he kept happy home with her for seven years, but then came a cloud of ill-fortune, a broken limb, lost trade, a sickly infant; and the strong man lying helpless in the neighboring port, where he had fallen from a mast, resolved to recover fortune for his wife and children, by taking a voyage as boatswain in a vessel China bound:

"Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

"Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will:
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day by night renewed
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;

So grieving held his will, and bore it through.

"For Enoch parted with his old sea friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long, till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
Auger and saw, while Annie seemed to hear
Her own death-scaffold rising, shrilled and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
The space was narrow,—having ordered all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn."

Then came the sad parting, when the sailor
cheered his wife with hope, and—

"Turned
The current of his talk to graver things,
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
On Providence and trust in heaven, she heard,
Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

"At length she spoke, 'O Enoch, you are
wise;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well, then," said Enoch, "I shall look on
yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day); get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

"But when the last of those last moments
came,
'Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again,
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me: or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is he not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these,
Can I go from him? and the sea is his,
The sea is his: He made it.'

"Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kissed his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him, Enoch said
'Wake him not: let him sleep; how should the
child
Remember this?' and kissed him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
Through all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way."

The sickly child died: and the little store
that Enoch's love had left failed to fulfil its
end, for Annie was a bad shopkeeper. But

Philip prospered at the mill, and with a love
loyal to each of his old playfellows saw An-
nie's failing struggle. Then he went to her:

"I have ever said
You chose the best among us,—a strong man:
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he willed, and bore it through.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? not to see the world—
For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.
And if he come again, vext will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—
Have we not known each other all our lives?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay—
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
This is the favor that I came to ask."

"Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answered, 'I cannot look you in the face:
I seem so foolish and so broken down.
When you came in, my sorrow broke me down;
And now I think your kindness breaks me down:
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
He will repay you: money can be repaid;
Not kindness such as yours.'

"And Philip asked
'Then you will let me, Annie?'

"There she turned,
She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his head,
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
And past into the little garth beyond.
So lifted up in spirit he moved away."

So Enoch's children looked on Philip as a
father, and he was for ten years a loyal friend
to Enoch's wife; ten years after the wreck
of Enoch's ship was known, and when there
were none who doubted Enoch's death. At
last, with generous reserves and tender doubts,
and many interposed delays, expressed in the
poem with a subtle delicacy, nature had her
own way with Philip and Annie:—

"So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seemed to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ailed her then, that ere she entered, often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew;

Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
Being with child, but when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renewed,
Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died."

But Enoch had been cast upon a sunny,
fruitful island, far out of the common track
of ships, where he and two others, saved also
from the wreck, were the only men. These
died, and left him in his solitude.

"There often as he watched or seemed to
watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him passed,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line ;
The babes, their bubble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-gloaming dawns,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-colored seas.

At last there came a ship, driven as his had
been by baffling winds out of her course, that
touched for water at this island. So he was
brought home, and—

"Moving up the coast, they landed him,
Even in that harbor whence he sailed before.

"There Enoch spoke no word to any one,
But homeward—home—what home? had he a
home?

His home, he walked. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill ; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven opened on the deeps,
Rolled a sea-haze and welmed the world in gray ;
Cut off the length of highway on before,
And left but narrow breadth to left and right
Of withered holt or tilth or pasturage.
On the nigh-naked tree the Robin piped
Disconsolate, and through the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down ;
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom ;
Last, as it seemed, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

"Then down the long street having slowly
stolen,
His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
His eyes upon the stones, he reached the home
Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born ;
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleamed thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking ' dead or dead to me ! ' "

He shrank unknown into an old tavern by
the pool, where the garrulous hostess—

"Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bowed,

So broken—all the story of his house :
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child ; and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion ; any one,
Regarding, well had deemed he felt the tale
Less than the teller ; only when she closed
' Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,'
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering ' cast away and lost ;'
Again in deeper inward whispers ' lost ! '

"But Enoch yearned to see her face again ;
' If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy.' So the thought
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth,
At evening, when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below ;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

"For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street
The latest house to landward ; but behind,
With one small gate that opened on the waste,
Flourished a little garden square and walled ;
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yew-tree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it :
But Enoch shunned the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew ; and thence
That which he better might have shunned, if
griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

"For cups and silver on the burnished board
Sparkled and shone ; so genial was the hearth
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees ;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-haired and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who reared his cressy arms,
Caught at and ever missed it, and they laughed :
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

"Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love,—
Then he, though Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things
heard,

Staggered and shook, holding the branch, and
feared
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

"He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and opened it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

"And there he would have knelt, but that his
knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone, he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me
hence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,
Uphold me, father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself,
Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

We have quoted much of this heroic tale,
and must yet quote the close. Enoch kept
his secret during the succeeding days of sick-
ness; but when death was near, that he might
send his Annie future comfort in a certain
token of his death, and of his perfect sym-
pathy of love in perfect knowledge of her life's
history, he told his secret to the mistress of
the inn, sworn to keep it inviolate until he
died.

"I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too;

He never meant us any thing but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood,
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss, wherefore, when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he."

"He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he rolled his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wished, and once again
She promised.

"Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumbered motionless and pale,
And Miriam watched and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
Crying with a loud voice 'a sail! a sail!
I am saved;' and so fell back and spoke no more."

"So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him, the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

Extracts, however full, cannot convey a full
sense of the beauty of this poem, for so per-
fect is the accord of every note with its pure
harmony, that every part of it is life of its
life, flesh of its flesh.

We must not quote from the next poem,
"Aylmer's Field," though we are tempted
sorely into echo of its noble scorn of scorn,
of the warmth of Christian sympathy for all
that is good and true in life that dashes aside
with a strong hand the gilded dust of pride.
Enough for its purpose has been said and
cited. Clearly, a book like this is one that
maintains the place of its author, not only as
chief among the English poets of his time,
but among those chief poets of all times who
have been most closely in accord with what-
ever gives worth to their country.

From The Churchman's Family Magazine.

THE CLEVER WOMAN OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER I.

IN SEARCH OF A MISSION.

"Thou didst refuse the daily round
Of useful, patient love,
And longedst for some great emprise
Thy spirit high to prove."—C. M. N.

"Che mi sedea con l'antica Rachele."—DANTE.

"It is very kind in the dear mother."

"But what, Rachel? Don't you like it? She so enjoyed choosing it for you."

"Oh, yes, it is a perfect thing in its way. Don't say a word to her; but if you are consulted for my next birthday present, Grace, couldn't you suggest that one does cease to be a girl?"

"Only try it on, Rachel dear, she will be pleased to see you in it."

"Oh, yes, I will bedizen myself to oblige her. I do assure you I am not ungrateful. It is beautiful in itself, and shows how well nature can be imitated; but it is meant for a mere girl, and this is the very day I had fixed for hauling down the flag of youth."

"Oh, Rachel!"

"Ah, ha! If Rachel be an old maid, what is Grace? Come, my dear, resign yourself! There is nothing more unbecoming than want of perception of the close of young-ladyhood."

"Of course, I know we are not quite young girls now," said Grace, half perplexed, half annoyed.

"Exactly. From this moment we are established as the maiden sisters of Avonmouth, husband and wife to one another, as maiden pairs always are."

"Then thus let me crown our bridal," quoth Grace, placing on her sister's head the wreath of white roses.

"Treacherous child!" cried Rachel, put-

ting up her hands and tossing her head, but her sister held her still.

"You know brides always take liberties. Please, dear, let it stay till the mother has been in, and pray don't talk before her of being so very old."

"No, I'll not be a shock to her. We will silently assume our immunities, and she will acquiesce if they come upon her gradually."

Grace looked somewhat alarmed, being perhaps in some dread of immunities, and aware that Rachel's silence would in any one else have been talkativeness.

"Ah, mother dear, good morning," as a pleasant placid-looking lady entered, dressed in black, with an air of feeble health, but of comely middle age.

Birthday greetings, congratulations, and thanks followed, and the mother looked critically at the position of the wreath, and Rachel for the first time turned to the glass and met a set of features of an irregular, characteristic cast, brow low and broad, nose *retroussé*, with large singularly sensitive nostrils quivering like those of a high-bred horse at any emotion, full pouting lips, round cheeks glowing with the freshest red, eyes widely opened, dark, deep gray and decidedly prominent, though curtained with thick black lashes. The glossy chestnut hair partook of the redundancy and vigor of the whole being, and the roses hung on it gracefully, though not in congruity with the thick winter dress of blue and black tartan, still looped up over the dark petticoat and hose, and stout, high-heeled boots, that like the gray cloak and felt hat bore witness to the early walk. Grace's countenance and figure were in the same style, though without so much of mark or anima-

tion; and her dress was of like description, but less severely plain.

"Yes, my dear, it looks very well; and now you will oblige me by not wearing that black lace thing, that looks fit for your grandmother."

"Poor Lovedy Kelland's aunt made it, mother, and it was very expensive, and wouldn't sell."

"No wonder, I am sure, and it was very kind in you to take it off their hands; but now it is paid for, it can't make much difference whether you disfigure yourself with it or not."

"Oh, yes, dear mother, I'll bind my hair when you bid me do it, and really these buds do credit to the makers. I wonder whether they cost them as dear in health as lace does," she added, taking off the flowers and examining them with a grave, sad look.

"I chose white roses," proceeded the well-pleased mother, "because I thought they would suit either of the silks you have now, though I own I should like to see you in another white muslin."

"I have done with white muslin," said Rachel, rousing from her reverie. "It is an affectation of girlish simplicity not becoming at our age."

"Oh, Rachel!" thought Grace, in despair; but to her great relief, in at that moment filed the five majds, the coachman, and butler; and the mother began to read prayers.

Breakfast over, Rachel gathered up her various gifts, and betook herself to a room on the ground-floor, with all the appliances of an ancient schoolroom. Rather dreamily she took out a number of copy-books, and began to write copies in them in large, text hand.

"And this is all I am doing for my fellow-creatures," she muttered, half-aloud. "One class of half-grown lads, and those grudged to me! Here is the world around one mass of misery and evil! Not a paper do I take up but I see something about wretchedness and crime; and here I sit with health, strength, and knowledge, and able to do nothing, *nothing*,—at the risk of breaking my mother's heart! I have potted about cottages, and taught at schools in the *dilettante* way of the young lady who thinks it her duty to be charitable; and I am told that is my duty, and that I may be satisfied. Satisfied, when I see children cramped in soul, destroyed in body, that fine ladies may wear lace trimmings!

Satisfied with the blight of the most promising buds! Satisfied, when I know that every alley and lane of town or country reeks with vice and corruption, and that there is one cry for workers with brains and with purses! And here am I, able and willing, only longing to task myself to the uttermost, yet tethered down to the merest mockery of usefulness by conventionalities. I am a young lady, forsooth!—I must not be out late; I must not put forth my views; I must not choose my acquaintance; I must be a mere helpless, useless being, growing old in a ridiculous fiction of prolonged childhood, affecting those graces of so-called sweet seventeen that I never had—because, because why? Is it for any better reason than because no mother can bear to believe her daughter no longer on the lists for matrimony? Our dear mother does not tell herself that this is the reason; but she is unconsciously actuated by it. And I have hitherto given way to her wish. I mean to give way still, in a measure; but I am five-and-twenty, and I will no longer be withheld from some path of usefulness! I will judge for myself, and when my mission has declared itself, I will not be withheld from it by any scruple that does not approve itself to my reason and conscience. If it be only a domestic mission,—say, the care of Fanny, poor, dear helpless Fanny; I would that I knew she was safe,—I would not despise it; I would throw myself into it, and regard the training her and forming her boys as a most sacred office. It would not be too homely for me. But I had far rather become the founder of some establishment that might relieve women from the oppressive task-work thrown on them in all their branches of labor. Oh, what a worthy ambition!"

"Rachel!" called Grace. "Come, there's a letter, a letter from Fanny herself for you. Make haste, mamma is so nervous till you read it."

No exhortation was needed to make Rachel hurry to the drawing-room, and tear open the black-edged letter with the Australian stamp.

"All is right, mamma. She has been very ill, but is fast recovering, and was to sail by the *Voluta*. Why, she may be here any day."

"Any day! My dear Grace, see that the nurseries are well aired."

"No, mother; she says her party is too

large, and wants us to take a furnished house for her to come into at once,—Myrtlewood, if possible. Is it let, Grace?"

"I think I saw the notice in the window yesterday."

"Then, I'll go and see about it at once."

"But, my dear, you don't really mean that poor, dear Fanny thinks of coming anywhere but to us," said her mother, anxiously.

"It is very considerate of her," said Grace, "with so many little children. You would find them too much for you, dear mother. It is just like Fanny to have thought of it. How many are there, Rachel?"

"Oh! I can't tell. They got past my reckoning long ago. I only know they are all boys; and that this baby is a girl."

"Baby! Ah, poor Fanny, I feared that was the reason she did not come sooner."

"Yes, and she has been very ill; she always is, I believe; but there is very little about it. Fanny never could write letters; she only just says, 'I have not been able to attempt a letter sooner, though my dear little girl is five weeks old to-day. Think of the daughter coming at last, too late for her dear father, who had so wished for one. She is very healthy, I am thankful to say; and I am now so much better that the doctor says I may sail next week. Major Keith has taken our cabins in the *Voluta*, and soon after you receive this, I hope to be showing you my dear boys. They are such good, affectionate fellows; but I am afraid they would be too much for my dear aunt, and our party is so large; so the major and I both think it will be the best way for you to take a house for me for six months. I should like Myrtlewood best, if it is to be had. I have told Conrade all about it, and how pretty it is; and it is so near you that I think there I can be as happy as ever I can be again in this world, and have your advice for the dear children.'"

"Poor darling! she seems but a child herself."

"My age,—five and twenty," returned Rachel. "Well, I shall go and ask about the house. Remember, mother, this influx is to bring no trouble or care on you; Fanny Temple is my charge from henceforth. My mission has come to seek me," she added, as she quitted the room in eager excitement of affection, emotion, and importance; for Fanny had been more like a sister than a cousin.

Grace and Rachel Curtis were the daugh-

ters of the squire of the Homestead; Fanny, of his brother, an officer in the army. Left at home for education, the little girl had spent her life, from her seventh to her sixteenth year, as absolutely one with her cousins, until she was summoned to meet her father at the Cape, under the escort of his old friend, General Sir Stephen Temple. She found Colonel Curtis sinking under fatal disease, and while his relations were preparing to receive, almost to maintain, his widow and daughter, they were electrified by the tidings that the gentle little Fanny, at sixteen, had become the wife of Sir Stephen Temple at sixty.

From that time little had been known about her; her mother had continued with her, but the two Mrs. Curtises had never been congenial or intimate; and Fanny was never a full nor willing correspondent, feeling perhaps the difficulty of writing under changed circumstances. Her husband had been in various commands in the colonies, without returning to England; and all that was known of her was a general impression that she had much ill-health and numerous children, and was tended like an infant by her bustling mother and doting husband. More than half a year back, tidings had come of the almost sudden death of her mother; and about three months subsequently, one of the officers of Sir Stephen's staff had written to announce that the good old general had been killed by a fall from his horse, while on a round of inspection at a distance from home. The widow was then completely prostrated by the shock, but promised to write as soon as she was able; and this was the fulfilment of that promise, bringing the assurance that Fanny was coming back with her little ones to the home of her childhood.

Of that home, Grace and Rachel were the joint-heiresses, though it was owned by the mother for her life. It was a pretty little estate of some three or four thousand a year, and the house was perched on a beautiful promontory, running out into the sea, and enclosing one side of a bay, where a small fishing-village had recently expanded into a quiet watering-place, esteemed by some for its remoteness from railways, and for the calm and simplicity that were yearly diminished by its increasing popularity. It was the family fashion to look down from their crag at the straight esplanade with pity and contempt for the ruined loneliness of the pebbly beach;

and as Mrs. Curtis had not health to go often into society, she had been the more careful where she trusted her daughters. They belonged to the county by birth and tradition, and were not to be mixed up with the fleeting residents of the watering-place, on whom they never called, unless by special recommendation from a mutual friend; and the few permanent inhabitants chanced to be such that a visit to them was in some degree a condescension. Perhaps there was more of timidity and caution than of pride in the mother's exclusiveness, and Grace had always acquiesced in it as the natural and established state of affairs, without any sense of superiority, but rather of being protected. She had a few alarms as to the results of Rachel's new immunities of age, and though never questioning the wisdom of her clever sister's conclusions, dreaded the effect on the mother, whom she had been forbidden to call mamma. "At their age it was affecting an interesting childishness."

Rachel had had the palm of cleverness conceded to her ever since she could recollect, when she read better at three years old than her sister at five, and ever after, through the days of education, had enjoyed, and exceeded in, the studies that were a toil to Grace. Subsequently, while Grace had contented herself with the ordinary course of unambitious feminine life, Rachel had thrown herself into the process of self-education with all her natural energy, and carried on her favorite studies by every means within her reach, until she considerably surpassed in acquirements and reflection all the persons with whom she came in frequent contact. It was a homely neighborhood, a society well born, but of circumscribed interests and habits, and little connected with the great progressive world, where, however, Rachel's sympathies all lay, necessarily fed, however, by periodical literature, instead of by conversation or commerce with living minds.

She began by being stranded on the ignorance of those who surrounded her, and found herself isolated as a sort of pedant; and as time went on, the narrowness of interests chafed her, and in like manner left her alone. As she grew past girlhood, the *cui bono* question had come to interfere with her ardor in study for its own sake, and she felt the influence of an age eminently practical and sifting, but with small powers of acting. The

quiet Lady Bountiful duties that had sufficed her mother and sister were too small and easy to satisfy a soul burning at the report of the great cry going up to heaven from a world of sin and woe. The examples of successful workers stimulated her longings to be up and doing, and yet the ever difficult question between charitable works and filial deference necessarily detained her, and perhaps all the more because it was not so much the fear of her mother's authority as of her horror and despair, that withheld her from the decisive and eccentric steps that she was always feeling impelled to take. Gentle Mrs. Curtis had never been a visible power in her house, and it was through their desire to avoid paining her that her government had been exercised over her two daughters ever since their father's death, which had taken place in Grace's seventeenth year. Both she and Grace implicitly accepted Rachel's superiority as an unquestionable fact, and the mother, when traversing any of her clever daughter's schemes, never disputed either her opinions or principles, only entreated that these particular developments might be conceded to her own weakness; and Rachel generally did concede. She could not act; but she could talk uncontradicted, and she hated herself for the enforced submission to a state of things that she despised.

This twenty fifth birthday had long been anticipated as the turning point when this submissive girlhood ought to close, and the privileges of acting as well as thinking for herself ought to be assumed. Something to do was her cry, and on this very day that something seemed to be cast in her way. It was not ameliorating the condition of the masses, but it was educating those who might ameliorate them; and Rachel gladly hailed the prospect of a vocation, that might be conducted without pain to her mother.

Young children of her own class, were not exactly what her dream of usefulness had devised; but she had a decided theory of education already, and began to read up with all her might, whilst taking the lead in all the details of house-taking, servant-hiring, etc.; to which her regular occupations of night school in the evening, and reading to the lace-makers by day, became almost secondary. In due time the arrival of the ship was telegraphed, a hurried and affectionate note followed, and, on a bright east-windy afternoon,

Rachel Curtis set forth to take up her mission. A telegram had announced the arrival of the "Voluta," and the train which would bring the travellers to Avonchester. The Homestead carriage was sent to meet them, and Rachel in it, to give her helpless cousin assistance in this beginning of English habits. A roomy fly had been engaged for nurses and children, and Mrs. Curtis had put under the coachman's charge a parcel of sandwiches, and instructed him to offer all the appliances for making her own into an invalid carriage.

Full of warm tenderness to those who were to be dependent on her exertions, led by her good sense, Rachel paced the platform till the engine rushed up, and she looked along the line of windows, suddenly bewildered. Doors opened, but gentlemen alone met her disappointed eye, until close to her a soft voice said, "Rachel!" and she saw a figure in deep black close to her; but her hand had been hardly grasped, before the face was turned eagerly to a tall, bearded man, who was lifting out little boy after little boy, apparently in an endless stream, till at last a sleeping baby was brought out in the arms of a nurse.

"Good-by. Thank you, oh, thank you. You will come soon. Oh, do come on now."

"Do come on now," was echoed by many voices.

"I leave you in good hands. Good-by."

"Good-by. Conrade dear, see what Cyril is doing; never mind Wilfred, the Major will come and see us; run on with Coombe." This last was a respectable military-looking servant, who picked up a small child in one hand, and a dressing-case in the other, and awaited orders.

There was a clinging to the major by all the children, only ended by his finally precipitating himself into the carriage, and being borne off. Then came a chorus: "Mamma, let me go with you;" "I'll go with mamma;" "Me go with mamma;" according to the gradations of age.

While Coombe and mamma decided the question by lifting the lesser ones into the fly, Rachel counted heads. Her mission exceeded her expectations. Here was a pair of boys in knickerbockers, a pair in petticoats, a pair in pelisses, besides the thing in arms. When the fly had been nearly crammed, the two knickerbockers and one pelisse remained

for the carriage, quite against Rachel's opinion; but "Little Wilfred can sit on my lap, he has not been well, poor little man," was quite conclusive; and when Rachel suggested lying back to rest, there was a sweet low laugh, and, "Oh, no, thank you, Wilfred never tires me."

Rachel's first satisfaction was in seeing the veil disclose the face of eight years back; the same soft, clear, olive skin; delicate, oval, and pretty light-brown eyes, with the same imploring, earnest sweetness; no signs of having grown older; no sign of wear and tear, climate, or exertion; only the widow's dress and the presence of the great boys enhancing her soft youthfulness. The smile was certainly changed; it was graver, sadder, tenderer, and only conjured up by maternal affection or in grateful reply; and the blitheness of the young brow had changed to quiet pensiveness, but more than ever there was an air of dependence almost beseeching protection; and Rachel's heart throbbed with Britomart's devotion to her Amoret.

"Why wouldn't the Major come, mamma?"

"He will soon come, I hope, my dear."

Those few words gave Rachel a strong antipathy to the Major.

Then began a conversation under difficulties, Fanny trying to inquire after her aunt, and Rachel to detail the arrangements made for her at Myrtlewood, while the two boys were each accommodated with a window; but each moment they were claiming their mother's attention, or rushing across the ladies' feet to each other's window, treating Rachel's knees as a pivot, and vouchsafing not the slightest heed to her attempts at intelligent pointing out of the new scenes.

And Fanny made no apology, but seemed pleased, ready with answers, and with eyes, apparently ignorant that Rachel's toes were less insensible than her own, and her heavy three-years-old Wilfred asleep on her lap all the time.

"She, feeble, helpless, sickly!" thought Rachel, "I should have been less tired, had I walked the twenty miles!"

She gave up talking in despair, and by the time the young gentlemen had tired themselves into quiescence, and began to eat the provisions, both ladies were glad to be allowed a little silence.

Coming over the last hill, Conrade roused

at his mother's summons to look out at "home," and every word between them showed how fondly Avonmouth had been remembered far away.

"The sea!" said Fanny, leaning forwards to catch sight of the long gray line; "it is hard to believe we have been on it so long, this seems so much more my own."

"Yes," cried Rachel, "you are come to your own home, for us to take care of you."

"I take care of mamma! Major Keith said so," indignantly exclaimed Conrade.

"There's plenty of care for you both to take," said Fanny, half-smiling, half-sobbing. "The major says I need not be a poor creature, and I will try. But I am afraid I shall be on all your hands."

Both boys drummed on her knee in wrath at her presuming to call herself a poor creature, —Conrade glaring at Rachel as if to accuse her of the calumny.

"See the church," said Lady Temple, glad to divert the storm, and eagerly looking at the slender spire surmounting the bell-turret of a small building in early-decorated style, new, but somewhat stained by sea-wind, without having as yet acquired the tender tints of time. "How beautiful!" was her cry. "You were beginning the collection for it when I went away! How we used to wish for it."

"Yes, we did," said Rachel, with a significant sigh; but her cousin had no time to attend, for they were turning in a pepper-box lodge. The boys were told that they were arrived, and they were at the door of a sort of overgrown Swiss cottage, where Mrs. Curtis and Grace stood ready to receive them.

There was a confusion of embraces, fondlings, and tears, as Fanny clung to the aunt, who had been a mother to her,—perhaps a more tender one than the ruling, managing spirit, whom she hardly had known in her childhood; but it was only for a moment, for Wilfred shrieked out in an access of shyness at Grace's attempt to make acquaintance with him; Francis was demanding, "Where's the orderly? and Conrade looking brimful of wrath at any one who made his mother cry. Moreover, the fly had arrived, and the remainder had to be produced, named, and kissed,—Conrade and Francis, Leoline and Hubert, Wilfred and Cyril, and little Stephana, the baby. Really the names were a study in

themselves, and the cousins felt as if it would be hopeless to endeavour to apply them.

Servants had been engaged conditionally, and the house was fully ready, but the young mother could hardly listen to her aunt's explanations in her anxiety that the little ones should be rested and fed, and she responded with semi-comprehending thanks, while moving on with her youngest in her arms, and as many hanging to her dress as could get hold of it. Her thanks grew more emphatic at the sight of cribs in inviting order, and all things ready for a meal.

"I don't drink tea with nurse," was Conrade's cry, the signal for another general outcry, untroubled by soothing and persuasions, till the door was shut on the younger half of the family, and those who could not open it remained to be comforted by nurse, a soldier's widow, who had been with them from the birth of Conrade.

The Temple form of shyness seemed to consist in ignoring strangers; but being neither abashed nor silenced, only resenting or avoiding all attempts at intercourse; and as the boys rushed in and out of the rooms, exploring, exclaiming, and calling mamma, to the interruption of all that was going on, only checked for a few minutes by her uplifted hand, and gentle hush, Grace saw her mother so stunned and bewildered that she rejoiced in the fear of cold that had decided that Rachel alone should spend the evening there. Fanny made some excuses; she longed to see more of her aunt; but when they were a little more settled, and as a fresh shout broke out, she was afraid they were rather unruly; she must come and talk to her at the dear homestead. So kind of Rachel to stay—not that the boys seemed to think so, as they went racing in and out, stretching their ship-bound legs, and taking possession of the minute shrubbery, which they scorned for the want of gum-trees and parrots.

"You wont mind, Rachel, dear. I must first see about baby;" and Rachel was left to reflect on her mission, while the boy's feet cantered up and down the house, and one or other of them would look in, and burst away in search of mamma.

Little more satisfactory was the rest of the evening, for the boys took a great deal of waiting on at tea, and then some of the party would not go to sleep in strange beds

without long persuasions and comfortings, till Fanny looked so weary that it was plain that no conversation could have been hoped from her, even if the baby had been less vociferous. All that could be done for her was to wish her good-night, and promise to come down early.

Come early! Yes, Rachel might come, but what was the use of that when Fanny was at the mercy of so many claimants? She looked much better than the day before, and her sweet, soft, welcome was most cordial and clinging. "Dear Rachel, it is like a dream to have you so near. I felt like the old life come back again to hear the surge of the sea all night, and know I should see you all so soon again."

"Yes, it is a great satisfaction to have you back in your old home, under our wing. I have a great deal to tell you about the arrangements."

"Oh yes; thank you"—

"Mamma!" roared two or three voices.

"I wanted to explain to you"—But Fanny's eye was roaming, and just then in burst two boys. "Mamma, nurse won't undo the tin box, and my ship is in it that the major gave me."

"Yes, and my stuffed duck-bill, and I want it, mamma."

"My dear Con, the major would not let you shout so loud about it, and you have not spoken to Aunt Rachel."

The boys did present their hands, and then returned to the charge. "Please order nurse to unpack it, mamma, and then Coombe will help us to sail it."

"Excuse me, dear Rachel," said Fanny, "I will first see about this."

And a very long seeing it was, probably meaning that she unpacked the box herself, whilst Rachel was deciding on the terrible spoiling of the children, and preparing a remonstrance.

"Dear Rachel, you have been left a long time."

"Oh, never mind that: but, Fanny, you must not give way to those children too much; they will be always—Hark! was that the door-bell?"

It was, and the visitor was announced as "Mr. Touchett;" a small, dark, thin young clergyman he was, of a nervous manner, which, growing more nervous as he shook

hands with Rachel, became abrupt and hesitating.

"My call is—is early, Lady Temple; but I always pay my respects at once to any new parishioner—resident, I mean—in case I can be of any service."

"Thank you, I am very much obliged," said Fanny, with a sweet, gracious smile and manner that would have made him more at ease at once, if Rachel had not added, "My cousin is quite at home here, Mr. Touchett."

"Oh yes," he said, "so—so I understood."

"I know no place in England so well; it is quite a home to me, so beautiful it is," continued Fanny.

"And you see great changes here."

"Changes so much for the better," said Fanny, smiling her winning smile again.

"One always expects more from improvements than they effect," put in Rachel, severely.

"You have a large young party," said Mr. Touchett, looking uneasily towards Lady Temple.

"Yes, I have half a dozen boys and one little girl."

"Seven!" Mr. Touchett looked up half incredulous at the girlish contour of the gentle face, then cast down his eyes as if afraid he had been rude. "Seven! It is—it is a great charge."

"Yes, indeed it is," she said, earnestly; "and I am sure you will be kind enough to give your influence to help me with them—poor boys."

"Oh! oh!" he exclaimed, anything I can do—in such a transport of eager helpfulness that Rachel coldly said, "We are all anxious to assist in the care of the children." He colored up, and with a sort of effort at self-assertion, blurted out, "As the clergyman of the parish,"—and there halted, and was beginning to look foolish, when Lady Temple took him up in her soft, persuasive way. "Of course we shall look to you so much, and you will be so kind as to let me know if there is any one I can send any broth to at any time."

"Thank you: you are very good;" and he was quite himself again. "I shall have the pleasure of sending you down a few names."

"I never did approve the broken victual-system," began Rachel; "it creates dependence."

"Come here, Hubert," said Fanny, beckoning a boy she saw at a distance, "come and shake hands with Mr. Touchett." It was from instinct rather than reason; there was a fencing between Rachel and the curate that made her uncomfortable, and led her to break it off by any means in her power; and though Mr. Touchett was not much at his ease with the little boy, this discussion was staved off. But again Mr. Touchett made bold to say that in case Lady Temple wished for a daily governess, he knew of a very desirable young person, a most admirable pair of sisters, who had met with great reverses; but Rachel snapped him off shorter than ever. "We can decide nothing yet; I have made up my mind to teach the little boys at present."

"Oh, indeed!"

"It is very kind," said the perplexed Lady Temple.

"I beg your pardon; I only thought, in case you were wishing for some one, that Miss Williams will be at liberty shortly."

"I do not image Miss Williams is the person to deal with little boys," said Rachel. "In fact, I think that home teaching is always better than hired."

"I am so much obliged," said Fanny, as Mr. Touchett, after this defeat, rose up to take leave, and she held out her hand, smiled, thanked, and sent him away so much sweetened and gratified that Rachel would have instantly begun dissecting him, but that a whole rush of boys broke in, and again engrossed their mother; and in the next lull, the uppermost necessity was of explaining about the servants who had been hired for the time, one of whom was a young woman whose health had given way over her lace pillow, and Rachel was eloquent over the crying evils of the system (everything was a system with Rachel), that chained girls to an unhealthy occupation in their early childhood, and made an overstocked market and underpaid workers—holding Fanny fast to listen by a sort of fascination in her overpowering earnestness, and great fixed eyes, which, when once their grasp was taken, would not release the victim; and this was a matter of daily occurrence on which Rachel felt keenly, and spoke strongly.

"It is very sad. If you want to help the poor things, I will give anything I can."

"Oh, yes, thank you; but it is doleful merely to help them to linger out the remnant of a life consumed upon these cobwebs of vanity. It is the fountain-head that must be reached,—the root of the system!"

Fanny saw, or rather felt, a boy making signs at the window, but durst not withdraw her eyes from the fascination of those eager ones. "Lace and lacemakers are facts," continued Rachel; "but if the middle men were exploded, and the excess of workers drafted off by some wholesome outlet, the price would rise, so that the remainder would be at leisure to fulfil the domestic offices of womanhood."

There was a great uproar above.

"I beg your pardon, dear Rachel," and away went Fanny.

"I do declare," cried Rachel, when Grace, having despatched her home cares, entered the room a quarter of an hour after; "poor Fanny's a perfect slave. One can't get in a word edgewise."

Fanny at last returned, but with her baby; and there was no chance for even Rachel to assert herself while this small queen was in presence. Grace was devoted to infants, and there was a whole court of brothers vying with one another in picking up her constantly dropped toys, and in performing antics for her amusement. Rachel, desirous to be gracious and resigned, attempted conversation with one of the eldest pair, but the baby had but to look toward him, and he was at her feet.

On her departure, Rachel resumed the needful details of the arrangements respecting the house and servants, and found Lady Temple as grateful and submissive as ever, except that, when advised to take Myrtlewood for a term of seven years, she replied, that the major had advised her not to bind herself down at once.

"Did you let him think we should quarrel?"

"Oh, no, my dear; but it might not agree with the children."

"Avonmouth! Grace, do you hear what heresy Fanny has been learning? Why, the proportion of ozone in the air here has been calculated to be five times that of even Avon!"

"Yes, dearest," said poor Fanny, very

humble, and rather scared, "there is no place like Avonmouth, and I am sure the major will think so when he has seen it."

"But what has he to do with your movements?"

"Sir Stephen wished"—murmured Fanny.

"The major is military secretary, and always settles our headquarters, and no one interferes with him," shouted Conrade.

Rachel, suspicious and jealous of her rival, was obliged to let Fanny pass on to the next item, where her eager acceptance of all that was prescribed to her was evidently meant as compensation for her refractoriness about the house.

Grace had meanwhile applied herself to keeping off the boys, and was making some progress in their good graces, and in distinguishing between their fallow faces, dark eyes, and crisp, black heads. Conrade was individualized, not only by superior height, but by soldierly bearing, bright pride glancing in his eyes, his quick gestures, bold decided words, and imperious tone toward all, save his mother—and whatever he was doing, his keen, black eye was always turning in search of her, he was ever ready to spring to her side to wait on her, to maintain her cause in rough championship, or to claim her attention to himself. Francis was thick-set, round-shouldered, bullet-headed and dull-eyed, in comparison, not aggressive, but holding his own, and not very approachable; Leoline, thin, white-cheeked, large-eyed and fretful-lipped, was ready to whine at Conrade's tyranny, and Francis's appropriations; but was grateful for Grace's protection, and more easy of access than his elders; and Hubert was a handsome, placid child, the good boy, as well as the beauty of the family. The pair in the nursery hardly came on the stage, and the two elders would be quite sufficient for Mrs. Curtie, with whom the afternoon was to be spent.

The mother, evidently, considered it a very long absence, but she was anxious to see both her aunt and her own home, and set out, leaning on Rachel's arm, and smiling pleased, though sad, recognition of the esplanade, the pebbly beach, bathing machines and fishing boats, and pointing them out to her sons who, on their side, would only talk of the much greater extent of Melbourne.

Within the gates of the Homestead, there was a steep, sharp bit of road, cut out in the

red sandstone rock; and after a few paces, she paused to rest with a sigh that brought Conrade to her side, when she put her arm round his neck, and leant on his shoulder; but even her two supporters could not prevent her from looking pale and exhausted.

"Never mind," she said, "this salt wind is delightful. How like old times it is!" and she stood gazing across the little steep lawn at the gray sea, the line of houses following the curve of the bay, and straggling up the valley in the rear, and the purple headlands projecting point beyond point, showing them to her boys, and telling their names.

"It is all ugly and cold," said Francis, with an ungracious shiver. "I shall go home to Melbourne, when I'm a man."

"And you will come, mamma?" added Conrade.

He had no answer, for Fanny was in her aunt's arms; and, like mother and daughter, they clung to each other—more able to sympathize—more truly one together, than the young widow could be, with either of the girls.

As soon as Fanny had rested and enjoyed the home atmosphere down-stairs, she begged to visit the dear old rooms, and carried Conrade through a course of recognitions through the scarcely altered apartments. Only one had been much changed, namely, the school-room, which had been stripped of the kindly old shabby furniture, that Fanny tenderly recollected, and was decidedly bare; but a mahogany box stood on a stand, on one side; there was a great accession of books, and writing implements occupied the plain deal table in the centre.

"What have you done to the dear old room—do you not use it still?" asked Fanny.

"Yes, I work here," said Rachel.

Vainly did Lady Temple look for that which women call work.

"I have hitherto ground on, at after-education and self-improvement," said Rachel; now I trust to make my preparation available for others. I will undertake any of your boys if you wish it."

"Thank you; but what is that box?"—in obedience to a curious push and pull from Conrade.

"It is her dispensary," said Grace.

"Yes," said Rachel, "you are weak and nervous, and I have just the thing for you."

"Is it homœopathy?"

"Yes, here is my book. I have done great things in my district, and should do more, but for prejudice. There, this globule is the very thing for your case; I made it out last night, in my book. That is right, and I wanted to ask you some questions about little Wilfred."

Fanny had obediently swallowed her own globule, but little Wilfred was a different matter, and she retreated from the large eyes and open book, saying that he was better, and that Mr. Frampton should look at him; but Rachel was not to be eluded, and was in full career of elucidation to the meanest capacity, when a sharp skirmish between the boys ended the conversation, and it appeared that Conrade had caught Francis just commencing an onslaught on the globules, taking them for English sweetmeats, of a minute description.

The afternoon passed with the strange heaviness well known to those who find it hard to resume broken threads, after long parting. There was much affection, but not full certainty what to talk about, and the presence of the boys would have hindered confidence, even had they not incessantly occupied their mother. Conrade, indeed, betook himself to a book, but Francis was only kept out of mischief by his constantly turning over pictures with him; however, at dark, Coombe came to convey them home, and the ladies of the Homestead experienced a sense of relief. Rachel immediately began to talk of an excellent preparatory school.

"I was thinking of asking you," said Fanny, "if there is any one here who could come as a daily governess."

"Oh!" cried Rachel, "these two would be much better at school, and I would form the little ones, who are still manageable."

"Conrade is not eight years old yet," said his mother in an imploring tone, "and the major said I need not part with him till he has grown a little more used to English ways."

"He can read, I see," said Grace, "and he told me he had done some Latin with the major."

"Yes, he has picked up a vast deal of information, and on the voyage the major used to teach him out of a little pocket Virgil. The major said it would not be of much use at school, as there was no dictionary; but that the discipline and occupation would be

useful, and so they were. Conrade would do anything for the major, and indeed so will they all."

Three majors in one speech, thought Rachel; and by way of counteraction, she enunciated, "I could undertake the next pair of boys easily, but these two are evidently wanting school discipline."

Lady Temple feathered up like a mother dove over her nest.

"You do not know Conrade. He is so trustworthy, and affectionate, dear boy, and they are both always good with me. The major said it often hurts boys to send them too young."

"They are very young, poor little fellows," said Mrs. Curtis.

"And if they are forward in some things, they are backward in others," said Fanny. "What Major Keith recommended was a governess, who would know what is generally expected of little boys."

"I don't like half measures," muttered Rachel. "I do not approve of encouraging young women to crowd the over-stocked profession of governesses."

Fanny opened her brown eyes, and awaited the words of wisdom.

"Is it not a flagrant abuse," continued Rachel, "that whether she have a vocation, or not, every woman of a certain rank, who wishes to gain her own livelihood, must needs become a governess? A nursery maid must have a vocation, but an educated or half-educated woman, has no choice; and educator she must become, to her own detriment, and that of her victims."

"I always did think governesses often much to be pitied," said Fanny, finding something was expected of her.

"What's the use of pity, if one runs on in the old groove? We must prevent the market from being drugged, by diverting the supply into new lines."

"Are there any new lines?" asked Fanny, surprised at the progress of society in her absence.

"Homœopathic doctresses," whispered Grace; who, dutiful as she was, sometimes indulged in a little fun, which Rachel would affably receive, unless she took it in earnest, as in the present instance.

"Why not—I ask why not? Some women have broken through prejudice, and why should not others? Do you not agree with

me, Fanny, that female medical men—I mean medical women—would be an infinite boon?"

"It would be very nice if they would never be nervous."

"Nerves are merely a matter of training. Think of the numbers that might be removed from the responsibility of incompetently educating! I declare that to tempt a person into the office of governess, instead of opening a new field to her, is the most short-sighted indolence."

"I don't want to tempt any one," said Fanny. "She ought to have been out before and be experienced, only she must be kind to the poor boys. I wanted the major to inquire in London; but he said perhaps I might hear of some one here."

"That was right, my dear," returned her aunt. "A gentleman, an officer, could not do much in such a matter."

"He always does manage whatever one wants."

At which speech Rachel cast a glance toward her mother, and saw her looking questioning and perplexed.

"I was thinking," said Grace, "that I believe the people at the Cliff Cottages are going away, and that Miss Williams might be at liberty."

"Didn't I know that Grace would come out with Miss Williams?" exclaimed Rachel. "A regular eruption of the Touchettomania. We have had him already advertising her."

"Miss Williams!" said Mrs. Curtis. "Yes, she might suit you very well. I believe they are very respectable young women, poor things! I have always wished that we could do more for them."

"Who?" asked Fanny.

"Certain pets of Mr. Touchett's," said Rachel; "some of the numerous ladies whose mission is that curatolatory into which Grace would lapse, but for my strenuous efforts."

"I don't quite know why you call them his pets," said Grace, "except that he knew their antecedents, and told us about them."

"Exactly, that was enough for me. I perfectly understand the meaning of Mr. Touchett's recommendations; and if what Fanny wants is a commonplace sort of upper nursemaid, I dare say it would do." And Rachel leaned back, applied herself to her wood carving, and virtually retired from the discussion.

"One sister is a great invalid," said Grace, "quite a cripple, and the other goes out as a daily governess. They are a clergyman's daughters, and once were very well off; but they lost everything through some speculation of their brother. I believe he fled the country under some terrible suspicion of dishonesty; and though no one thought they had anything to do with it, their friends dropped them because they would not give him up, nor believe him guilty; and a little girl of his lives with them."

"Poor things!" exclaimed Lady Temple. "I should very much like to employ this one. How very sad!"

"Mrs. Grey told me that her children had never done so well with any one," said Mrs. Curtis. "She wanted to engage Miss Williams permanently; but could not induce her to leave her sister, or even to remove her to London, on account of her health."

"Do you know her, Grace?" asked Fanny.

"I have called once or twice, and have been very much pleased with the sick sister; but Rachel does not fancy that set, you see. I meet the other at the Sunday school; I like her looks and manner very much; and she is always at the early service before her work."

"Just like a little mauve book!" muttered Rachel.

Fanny absolutely stared. "You go, don't you, Rachel? How we need to wish for it!"

"You have wished, and we have tried," said Rachel, with a sigh.

"Yes, Rachel," said Grace; "but with all drawbacks, all disappointments in ourselves, it is a great blessing. We would not be without it."

"I could not be satisfied in relinquishing it voluntarily," said Rachel; "but I am necessarily one of the idle. Were I one of the occupied, *laborare est orare* would satisfy me, and that poor governess ought to feel the same. Think of the physical reaction of body on mind, and tell me if you could have the barbarity of depriving that poor jaded thing of an hour's sleep, giving her an additional walk, fasting, in all weathers, and preparing her to be savage with the children."

"Perhaps it refreshes her, and hinders her from being cross."

"Maybe she thinks so; but if she have either sense or ear, nothing would so predis-

pose her to be cross as the squeaking of Mr. Touchett's penny whistle choir."

"Poor Mr. Touchett," sighed Mrs. Curtis; "I wish he would not make such ambitious attempts."

"But you like the choral service," said Fanny, feeling as if everything had turned round. "When all the men of a regiment chant together, you cannot think how grand it is, almost finer than the cathedral."

"Yes, where you can do it," said Rachel, "but not where you can't."

"I wish you would not talk about it," said Grace.

"I must, or Fanny will not understand the state of parties at Avonmouth."

"Parties! Oh, I hope not."

"My dear child, party spirit is another word for vitality. So you thought the church we sighed for had made the place all we sighed to see it, and ourselves too. Oh! Fanny, is this what you have been across the world for?"

"What is wrong?" asked Fanny, alarmed.

"Do you remember our axiom? Build your church, and the rest will take care of itself. You remember our scraping and begging, and how that good Mr. Davison helped us out and brought the endowment up to the needful point for consecration, on condition the incumbency was given to him. He held it just a year, and was rich, and could help out his bad health with a curate. But first he went to Madeira, and then he died, and there we are, a perpetual curacy of £70 a year, no resident gentry but ourselves, a fluctuating population mostly sick, our poor demoralized by them, and either crazed by dissent, or heathenized by their former distance from church. Who would take us? No more Mr. Davisons! There was no more novelty, and too much smartness to invite self-devotion. So we were driven from pillar to post till we settled down into this Mr. Touchett, as good a being as ever lived, working as hard as any two, and sparing neither himself nor any one else."

Fanny looked up prepared to admire.

"But he has two misfortunes. He was not born a gentleman, and his mind does not measure an inch across."

"Rachel, my dear, it is not fair to prejudice Fanny; I am sure the poor man is very well behaved."

"Mother! would you be calling the ideal Anglican priest, poor man?"

"I thought he was quite gentlemanlike," added Fanny.

"Gentlemanlike! ay, that's it," said Rachel, "just so like as to delight the born curatolatrix like Grace and Miss Williams."

"Would it hurt the children?" asked Fanny, hardly comprehending the tremendous term.

"Yes, if it infected you," said Rachel, intending some playfulness. "A mother of contracted mind forfeits the allegiance of her sons."

"Oh, Rachel, I know I am weak and silly," said the gentle young widow, terrified, "but the major said if I only tried to do my duty by them, I should be helped."

"And I will help you, Fanny," said Rachel. "All that is requisite is good sense and firmness, and a thorough sense of responsibility."

"That is what is so dreadful. The responsibility of all those dear fatherless boys, and if—I should do wrong by them."

Poor Fanny fell into an uncontrollable fit of weeping at the sense of her own desolation and helplessness, and Mrs. Curtis came to comfort her, and tell her affectionately of having gone through the like feelings, and of the repeated but most comfortable words of promise to the fatherless and the widow,—words that had constantly come before the sufferer, but which had by no means lost their virtue by repetition, and Fanny was soothed with hearing instances of the special Providence over orphaned sons, and their love and deference for their mother. Rachel, shocked and distressed at the effect of her sense, retired out of the conversation, till at the announcement of the carriage for Lady Temple, her gentle cousin cheered up, and feeling herself to blame for having grieved one who only meant aid and kindness, came to her and fondly kissed her forehead, saying, "I am not vexed, dear Rachel, I know you are right. I am not clever enough to bring them up properly, but if I try hard, and pray for them, it may be made up to them. And you will help me, Rachel dear," she added, as her readiest peace-offering for her tears, and it was the most effectual, for Rachel was perfectly contented as long as Fanny was dependent on her, and allowed her to assume her

mission, provided only that the counter influence could be averted, and this major, this universal referee, be eradicated from her foolish clinging habits of reliance before her spirits were enough recovered to lay her heart open to danger.

But the more Rachel saw of her cousin, the more she realized this peril. When she went down on Monday morning to complete the matters of business that had been slurred over on the Saturday, she found that Fanny had not the slightest notion what her own income was to be. All she knew was that her general had left everything unreservedly to herself, except £100 and one of his swords to Major Keith, who was executor to the will, and had gone to London to "see about it," by which word poor Fanny expressed all the business that her maintenance depended on. If an old general wished to put a major into temptation, could he have found a better means of doing so? Rachel even thought that Fanny's incapacity to understand business had made her mistake the terms of the bequest, and that Sir Stephen must have secured his property to his children; but Fanny was absolutely certain that this was not the case, for she said the major had made her at once sign a will dividing the property among them, and appointing himself and her Aunt Curtis their guardians. "I did not like putting such a charge on my dear aunt," said Fanny, "but the major said I ought to appoint a relation, and I had no one else! And I knew you would all be good to them, if they had lost me too, when baby was born."

"We would have tried," said Rachel, a little humbly; "but, oh! I am glad you are here, Fanny!"

Nothing could of course be fixed till the Major had "seen about it." After which he was to come to let Lady Temple know the result; but she believed he would first go to Scotland to see his brother. He and his brother were the only survivors of a large family, and he had been on foreign service for twelve years, so that it would be very selfish to wish him not to take full time at home. "Selfish," thought Rachel, "if he will only stay away long enough, you shall learn, my dear, how well you can do without him!"

The boy had interrupted the conversation less than the previous one, because the lesser ones were asleep, or walking out, and the el-

der ones, having learnt that a new week was to be begun steadily with lessons, thought it advisable to bring themselves as little into notice as possible; but fate was sure to pursue them sooner or later, for Rachel had come down resolved on testing their acquirements, and deciding on the method to be pursued with them; and though their mamma, with a certain instinctive shrinking both for them and for herself, had put off the ordeal to the utmost by listening to all the counsel about her affairs, it was not to be averted.

"Now, Fanny, since it seems that more cannot be done at present, let us see about the children's education. Where are their books?"

"We have very few books," said Fanny, hesitating; "we had not much choice where we were."

"You should have written to me for a selection."

"Why—so we would; but there was always a talk of sending Conrade and Francis home. I am afraid you will think them very backward, dear Rachel, especially Francie; but it is not their fault, dear children, and they are not used to strangers," added Fanny, nervously.

"I do not mean to be a stranger," said Rachel.

And while Fanny, in confusion, made loving protestations about not meaning that, Rachel stepped out upon the lawn, and in her clear voice called "Conrade, Francis." No answer. She called "Con-rade" again, and louder, then turned round with "Where can they be,—not gone down on the beach?"

"Oh, dear, no, I trust not," said the little mother, flurried, and coming to the window with a call that seemed to Rachel's ears like the roar of a sucking dove.

But from behind the bushes forth came the two young gentlemen, their black garments considerably streaked with the green marks of laurel climbing.

"Oh, my dears, what figures you are. Go to Coombe and get yourselves brushed, and wash your hands, and then come down, and bring your lesson-books."

Rachel prognosticated that these preparations would be made the occasion of much waste of time; but she was answered, and with rather surprised eyes, that they had never been allowed to come into the drawing-room without looking like little gentlemen.

"But you are not living in state here," said Rachel; "I never could enter into the cult some people, mamma especially, pay to their drawing-room."

"The major used to be very particular about their not coming to sit down untidy," said Fanny. "He said it was not good for anybody."

Martinet! thought Rachel, nearly ready to advocate the boys making no toilet at any time; and the present was made to consume so much time that, urged by her, Fanny once more was obliged to summon her boys and their books.

It was not an extensive school library,—a Latin grammar, an extremely dilapidated spelling-book, and the fourth volume of Mrs. Marcet's "Little Willie." The other three—one was unaccounted for, but Cyril had torn up the second, and Francis had thrown the first overboard in a passion. Rachel looked in dismay. "I don't know what can be done with these!" she said.

"Oh, then we'll have holidays till we have got books, mamma," said Conrade, putting his hands on the sofa, and imitating a kicking horse.

"It is very necessary to see what kind of books you ought to have," returned Rachel. "How far have you gone in this?"

"I say, mamma," reiterated Conrade, "we can't do lessons without books."

"Attend to what your Aunt Rachel says, my dear; she wants to find out what books you should have."

"Yes, let me examine you."

Conrade came most inconveniently close to her; she pushed her chair back; he came after her. His mother uttered a remonstrating, "My dear."

"I thought she wanted to examine me," quoth Conrade. "When Dr. MacVicar examines a thing, he puts it under a microscope."

It was said gravely, and whether it were malice or simplicity, Rachel was perfectly unable to divine, but she thought anyway that Fanny had no business to laugh, and explaining the species of examination that she intended, she went to work. In her younger days she had worked much at schools, and was really an able and spirited teacher, liking the occupation; and laying hold of the first book in her way, she requested Conrade to read. He obeyed, but in such a detestable gabble that she looked up appealingly to Fan-

ny, who suggested, "My dear, you can read better than that." He read four lines, not badly, but then broke off, "Mamma, are not we to have ponies? Coombe heard of a pony this morning; it is to be seen at the 'Jolly Mariner,' and he will take us to look at it."

"The 'Jolly Mariner!' It is a dreadful place, Fanny; you never will let them go there?"

"My dear, the major will see about your ponies when he comes."

"We will send the coachman down to inquire," added Rachel.

"He is only a civilian, and the major always chooses our horses," said Conrade.

"And I am to have one, too, mamma," added Francis. "You know I have been out four times with the staff, and the major said I could ride as well as Con!"

"Reading is what is wanted now, my dear; go on."

"Five lines more; but Francis and his mother were whispering together, and of course Conrade stopped to listen. Rachel saw there was no hope but in getting him alone, and at his mother's reluctant desire, he followed her to the dining-room; but there he turned dogged and indifferent, made a sort of feint of doing what he was told, but whether she tried him in arithmetic, Latin, or dictation, he made such ludicrous blunders as to leave her in perplexity whether they arose from ignorance or impertinence. His spelling was phonetic to the highest degree, and though he owned to having done sums, he would not, or did not answer the simplest question in mental arithmetic. "Five apples and eight apples, come, Conrade, what will they make?"

"A pie."

That was the hopeful way in which the examination proceeded, and when Rachel attempted to say that his mother would be much displeased, he proceeded to tumble head over heels all around the room, as if he knew better; which performance broke up the *séance*, with a resolve on her part that when she had the books she would not be so beaten. She tried Francis, but he really did know next to nothing, and whenever he came to a word above five letters long, stopped short, and when told to spell it, said "mamma never made him spell;" also muttering something depreciating about civilians.

Rachel was a woman of perseverance. She

went to the bookseller's, and obtained a fair amount of books, which she ordered to be sent to Lady Temple's. But when she came down the next morning, the parcel was nowhere to be found. There was a grand interrogation, and at last it turned out to have been safely deposited in an empty dog-kennel in the back-yard. It was very hard on Rachel that Fanny giggled like a school-girl, and even though ashamed of herself and her sons, could not find voice to scold them respectably. No wonder, after such encouragement, that Rachel found her mission no sinecure, and felt at the end of her morning's work much as if she had been driving pigs to market, though the repetition was imposing on the boys a sort of sense of fate and obedience, and there was less active resistance, though learning it was not, only letting teaching be thrown at them. All the rest of the day, except those two hours, they ran wild about the house, garden, and beach, —the latter place under the inspection of Coombe, whom, since the "Jolly Mariner" proposal, Rachel did not in the least trust; all the less when she heard that Major Keith, whose soldier-servant he had originally been, thought very highly of him. A call at Myrtlewood was formidable from the bear-garden sounds, and delicate as Lady Temple was

considered to be, unable to walk or bear fatigue, she never appeared to be incommoded by the uproar in which she lived, and had even been seen careering about the nursery, or running about the garden, in a way that Grace and Rachel thought would tire a strong woman. As to a *tête-à-tête* with her, it was never secured by anything short of Rachel's strong will, for the children were always with her, and she went to bed, or at any rate to her own room, when they did, and she was so perfectly able to play and laugh with them that her cousins scarcely thought her sufficiently depressed, and comparing her with what their own mother had been after ten months' widowhood, agreed that after all "she had been very young, and Sir Stephen very old, and perhaps too much must not be expected of her."

"The grand passion of her life is yet to come," said Rachel.

"I hope not," said Grace.

"You may be certain of that," said Rachel. "Feminine women always have it one time or other in their lives; only superior ones are exempt. But I hope I may have influence enough to carry her past it, and prevent her taking any step that might be injurious to the children."

SANTIAGO AND VALPARAISO RAILWAY.—A valuable account of the Santiago and Valparaiso Railway has been given before the Institute of Civil Engineers by Mr. Lloyd, the engineer who has constructed that line. The original proposition for the railway was made by Mr. Wheelwright, an American, in 1850; and in 1852 an Act of Congress was obtained by a company of Chilian capitalists. The line on leaving Valparaiso follows the coast northeasterly for three miles, cutting through projections of syenitic rock; it then diverges to the east, up the valley of La Vina del Mar, and crosses the ravine of Paso Hondo, thence along the Quilpere River, involving deep cuttings, heavy embankments, and considerable wrought-iron viaducts, the gradients in some places being as high as 1 in 50. Continued onward, the line crosses the Limache and ascends the San Pedro, passing

through a space of the Andes by a tunnel of 1,600 feet, mainly through granite and trap. Beyond the San Pedro tunnel the line descends the river Way, and passes Quillota on the Aconcagua, up the valley of which the railway runs for twenty miles, and then, diverging into that of the Tabon, a decline commences at Llaillay, having a maximum gradient of 1 in 44½ for a distance of 3½, and with eighteen curves in an aggregate length of a mile and a half, the railway running along the abrupt and rugged sides of the mountains at an elevation of 300 feet, with the rocky cliffs towering above it to the height of nearly 1,000 feet. The descent into Santiago is effected through the deep and tortuous valley of San Ramon, and across the Batuco Lake, and the Mapocho River, the total length of the railway being 114 miles.

From the Saturday Review.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.*

THE letters contained in this volume begin in 1770, on the eve of Marie Antoinette's marriage, and go down to July, 1792. They are addressed, with a few exceptions, to members of her family,—to her mother, to her sister Maria Christina, and to her two brothers, Joseph and Leopold. Of the remaining letters, most are to the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, Comte de Mercy. They are obviously of the most intimate and confidential character, and a reader naturally wishes to know where they come from. The answer to this, in the preface to the volume, is that all the papers contained in it have been "copied and compared most carefully with the originals, belonging to M. le Comte d'Hunolstein," and that, with a few orthographical corrections, the letters are printed as they are written. But it would be interesting to know how such letters found their way into the keeping of the Count d'Hunolstein, and on this point no information is given us. The editor merely remarks that the queen "used to make two or even three copies, not only of her own letters, but also of letters and papers addressed to her, in order to be able to intrust them to different persons, and thus to insure their reaching the members of her family and her friends, especially at a time when, a close prisoner, she could no longer do as she pleased, and could not trust those around her." This multiplication of copies accounts in a general way for documents of great secrecy and importance being found in the hands of persons for whom they were not originally meant; but we may observe, in the first place, that it would have been satisfactory to have some knowledge of the channel through which these particular letters passed into the collection of their present possessor, and, in the next place that the remark applies only to the letters written after 1789, which fill about half the volume. The other half consists of letters which have little to do with political matters,—letters full of harmless gossip or family confidences or expressions of affection, such as a homesick daughter writes to her mother or a sister to a

sister. It seems unlikely that Marie Antoinette should have preserved "two or even three" copies of familiar notes like these; nor does the editor say so. But if not, the "originals" of which the editor speaks must have come to him from the most private family archives of the House of Austria. If this has been the case, it would have been well to satisfy a natural curiosity as to the way in which so remarkable a communication was made to him. A book which, like this, gives, in reality, no adequate account of itself, necessarily awakens a degree of mistrust; and there is nothing, as far as we can see, in the letters themselves which carries us beyond the ordinary knowledge of the events of the queen's life, or the ordinary conceptions of her character. It has been thought worth while before now, though it seems a strange piece of trouble to take, to compose imaginary letters of remarkable people, or to eke out what is imperfect in a collection, by imitations modelled on the genuine remains. Such a suspicion may be perfectly groundless in the present instance; but it is entirely the editor's fault if it arises in the minds of readers whom he has left without the slightest clew to the origin of the papers; and the letters themselves are not enough to negative the supposition of a biography in an epistolary form.

Taking the book, however, for what it claims to be, we find Marie Antoinette quitting Austria, her mother, and her sister, Maria Christina, the Duchess of Saxe-Teschen, with the fears and sorrows of a young girl leaving a home which she loved, for distant and unfamiliar greatness. The letters are such as a clever and spirited woman in Marie Antoinette's position would have written, and they do credit to her good feeling and self-command, as well as to her judgment and powers of observation. Her first impressions of France and the court were not favorable, though she makes it her duty to take everything on its best side. She is overwhelmed with ceremonies: then there is the storm at Versailles, on her wedding-day, and the terrible accident at Paris, which distress her; "she cannot sleep, and she has always before her eyes that crowd of victims, of which she has been the occasion;" and she dreads the entry into Paris. She speaks with quiet respect of her husband: "M. le Dauphin says little; he is shy and undemonstrative, but he

* Correspondence Inédite de Marie Antoinette publiée sur les Documents Originaux. Par le Comte Paul Vogt d'Hunolstein, Ancien Député de la Moselle. Paris: Dentu. 1864.

is good to every one." She represents him as being, for the most part, in a "state of calm," broken at rare intervals by uncontrollable fits of what his brother, M. de Provence, called "un rire homérique." The old king's circle, in spite of his "bonté" for her, weighs on her spirits: "In the family circle he is more frequently sober and quiet than lively; yet there are days when the king talks as agreeably as any one I ever heard; but in general he is silent." She contrasts the French stiffness and dullness with the freedom of Vienna and Schönbrunn: "Family life here is always a stage performance, and it is impossible to be unconstrained and merry; but I am resolved to conform to everything." She tells with pride how cleverly she has acquitted herself of the little tricks of royal courtesy:—

"I wished to follow the advice of the emperor, and I charged the abbé to procure me information concerning the families of the country, in order to speak appropriately to each one; I had a proof of the advantage of such a precaution two days ago; I was to receive the congratulations of the Duke de Villequier, I provided myself with good memoirs of his family, and talked to him accordingly; he was flattered in the highest degree, and had tears in his eyes. The king was pleased with this, as he has a fancy for the duke."

But there is a severe self-constraint upon her all the while: "May my kind mother pardon me if I confess to her that I have moments of depression which I find it hard to shake off; I am vexed at myself for this, and am getting the better of it;" but she almost breaks down under the load of dullness and etiquette, and the utter want of sympathy round her, when she thinks of her old ways, and the time when she could come to her mother, and hear her words, "which seem to-day like gospel." The principal people about the court are touched off. Madame de Noailles, who has the direction of the dauphiness's little balls, is "in her strictness on minor points, exemplary to a wearisome degree." Her Aunt Adelaide frightens her a little; but fortunately, she is a favorite with Aunt Victoire. Yet she cannot quite make them out; they are "sometimes affectionate, sometimes cold, and sharp,—perhaps I judge them ill." The Madame Elizabeth of after days appears first as a little girl not easy to manage, "the

wild, little Elizabeth, who will be very well behaved one of these days, and who does not leave my hand." A year later, she is described to Maria Theresa:—

"Elizabeth's disposition is not bad, but rather headstrong and rebellious; she is seven years old, and improves every day, and we discover in her traits of sensibility which are charming."

And she continued to be intractable and troublesome till, after her sister's marriage, her thoughts turned toward a religious life, and she wanted to enter the Carmelite order. Later, when the dauphin had become king, Marie Antoinette thus explains the family difficulties to Maria Theresa:—

"On my arrival in France, I found her a little savage whom nothing could tame; rude, rough, passionate, and wilful to an alarming degree, and regardless of all remonstrance; a mother alone could have softened such a character in early youth; it was in vain to give the entire authority to governesses,—this could not be the same thing, if she had ever known her mother. However, she was good at heart, and, which was hopeful, had much sensibility; good management alone was wanting. Her obstinacy might become firmness, and her pride a good means of influencing her, and as she was affectionate, she could be made to understand the advantage and the happiness of being loved."

And the end is that Madame Elizabeth becomes a great favorite. "Elizabeth," she writes a year or two later, "is now charming in character and much grown."

As long as the old king lived, she had a hard time of it. Under her respectful language about her husband, a complete want of interest in his dull self-satisfied impassive honesty shows itself. He is no help to her in her troubles and mortifications—"il est fort poli pour moi, et fort attentif;" more than that:—

M. le Dauphin is not less kind, he is religious, attached beyond example to his religious duties; but he is firm by nature, and is not a man who would consent to enter into this kind of detail to make for himself a rule of conduct,—he goes straight forward on his way without troubling himself about the rest; confidence cannot be compelled, it must be voluntary.

Do not speak of this to our dear, good mother; she would think me unhappy, and grieve herself unnecessarily. I should like

to blot what I have just written, but what is said is said. Burn my letter."

The brothers she disliked, and made little secret of it; she does not much mind in what company she classes them:—

"Monsieur is a man who is seldom open and who keeps himself in his cravat; I dare not speak before him since I heard him in company reprove, for a little slip of the tongue, poor Clotilda, who did not know where to hide herself. The Count d'Arbois is as gay as a page and troubles himself less about grammar or anything else. There remains Madame du B. of whom I have never spoken to you. I have behaved myself in the presence of frailty with all the reserve which you recommended,—I was invited to sup with her, and she took with me a tone half respectful and embarrassed, and half patronizing. I did not disregard your advice of which I have not even spoken to M. le Dauphin, who cannot endure her, but who shows nothing of it out of respect for the king:—she has an assiduous court, ambassadors come there, and all foreigners of distinction ask to be presented; I have, without appearing to listen, heard some curious things about this court,—they crowd there as to a princess,—every one rushes to her receptions and she says a word to each;—she queens it; it is raining while I write,—probably by her permission; she is a good creature at heart."

Then comes the illness of the old king, the progress of which is described in letters to Maria Theresa. The whole court is horror-struck with surprise and fear. "M. le Dauphin is paralyzed with fear." When all is over, she writes in alarm and anxiety: "I have just passed four happy years," she says, "but a new future opens upon me, full of dangers; pray for me and help me." She is distressed at her husband's inexperience and uncommunicative temper. The task before him was "the more alarming, because the old king had kept him an entire stranger to business, and never spoke to him about it." Louis XV. had been kind to herself personally:—

"But I will tell you alone, dear mamma, that he was very distrustful and treated us too much as children; he was personally very kind to me, but at the court fêtes it was easy to be seen that it was not for us they were given."

His husband was like a man "fallen from the clouds;" "the king," she writes of him, "who does not speak, has said not a

word on the choice of a minister." He was not well inclined to D'Aiguillon, the "âme damnée" of the late mistress, but it was doubtful whether he would have Choiseul, the favorite at Vienna:—

"I know not what is on his mind, he does not speak of it quite freely, and he is much agitated. I cannot say that he treats me with disdain, and as a child, and that he distrusts me; on the contrary, he uttered a long speech the other day before me, and as if talking to himself upon the improvements to be introduced into the finances and into law, he said that I was to help him, and that I was to represent the beneficence of the throne and make it beloved,—that he wished to be beloved. . . .

He is in truth a man who is self-contained, who seems to be anxious concerning the task which has suddenly devolved upon him, who wishes to govern as a father. As I do not wish to wound him, I do not question him too much. He does as well in not consulting me; I am more embarrassed than he."

The letters of the period between the accession of Louis XVI. and 1789 dwell on the prejudice against her in France, and the scandalous stories about her sent home to Vienna. She is very indignant at the "obstinacy of a set of people to represent her as still a foreigner, and a Frenchwoman against the grain." "I am French," she protests, "to my finger-ends." She feels rebellious against the etiquette which pursues her inexorably at every turn, but declares that she submits to it with dutiful patience:—

"They think it an easy thing to play the queen; they are wrong, the constraints are numberless, as if nature were a crime; but the king who lets me do as I please generally, will not authorize reforms; a ribbon here, bows and feathers there rather than elsewhere, and the monarchy would be lost for some people; I am greatly cramped with all these restrictions."

In 1777 the emperor Joseph, her brother, visited Paris, and discussed politics with his shy and calm brother-in-law. The queen writes to her sister about the contrast between the two men:—

"He is always the same, he makes very just observations in all that he sees, and gives advice as no one else can; sometimes, it must be confessed, he gives it in rather a brusque manners, which spoils the effect of his fine ideas. My dear mother will not think it amiss that I speak thus to her: she,

better than any one else, knows my brother and myself, and she knows all the admiration which I have for him and my earnest desire that he may meet with that complete success at court which he deserves. The King's feeling towards him is friendly, and as he is very shy and not much of a talker, he is glad to listen to him; but when my brother becomes critical, he contents himself with a smile and says nothing: the other day, when he could not keep silence upon certain principles of government inimical to the clergy, the king answered his arguments one by one with a precision, a firmness, and a coolness, which astonished us all, and made it impossible to continue the subject. Each country has its customs and its wants, said he finally; it is possible, but I doubt it, that your system may be applicable to other States but we are in France, where imported ideas on the subject of government do not appear to succeed."

Then the affair of the "Diamond Necklace" fills the letters with indignation and pain, till the Assembly of the Notables and the meeting of the states-general began to bring even more serious subjects before the world. Here we begin to have the "Marie Antoinette" of the revolutionary time, as she is generally conceived of, and represented, vainly urging the king to greater self-assertion and decision, seeing, from the first, the frightful magnitude of the crisis, the real intentions of the revolutionary leaders, and the deadly nature of the struggle, wrathful and contemptuous at the new notions of popular liberty, and popular control over the government, conquering her disgust in order to gain over Mirabeau, scornfully despairing at the weakness and worthlessness of all classes in France, and bitterly conscious of her personal unpopularity. In the letters she is seen, first, preparing a vigorous armed counter-revolution, but with as little of foreign interference as possible, and impatiently combating the advice from Vienna to wait and let things take their course; and at last, after the vain attempt to escape, resigning herself to a policy of dissimulation with the revolutionary chiefs at home, and throwing all her efforts into the attempt to organize a great European coalition,—an "armed Congress"—which should refuse to recognize any government in France but the monarchy, and which should prevent both foreign and civil war, by arresting the violence of the emigrants, and frightening the French nation into submission. The letters, which are ad-

dressed to the Comte de Mercy or to the Emperor, set forth, with great force and vividness, the miserable straits to which the royal cause was reduced. The king himself was without counsel or resource, tamely and phlegmatically keeping himself calm, whatever might be passing, incredulous of the queen's quickness of sight and soundness of judgment, and jealous of her vigor and decision. The princes only did mischief by their violence and folly; and after Mirabeau's death, there was no Frenchman on whose character or capacity any dependence could be placed. Marie Antoinette could see no other course than to stoop to the ignoble policy of accepting the constitution, in the hope of bringing about its speedier downfall, and in the mean time, to rouse the courts of Europe, not to attack, but to threaten, France. She had persuaded herself, that such a demonstration on the part of foreign governments, accompanied with a disclaimer of interference in the internal affairs of France, would actually avert war, by encouraging the *honnêtes gens* at home, to throw off the revolutionary yoke and restore the freedom and authority of the monarchy. The whole of the correspondence of 1791 is more or less directed to this end, and she complains bitterly of the slowness and reluctance of the emperor to act, and of the ill-will and selfish jealousy, which prevented governments like those of Prussia and England from joining in the plan. The strange thing is, that she does not seem to see that a refusal, on the part of foreign powers, to acknowledge any government in France but the old monarchial one, with which they had made treaties and framed alliances, was an interference with the domestic affairs of a nation; and that, recognizing, as she distinctly does, the growing warlike spirit and power, of democratic France, and pointing out its formidable character to neighboring powers she should have brought herself to think that a nation, in the enthusiastic madness of its first liberty, would be cowed into unresisting submission, by such a challenge. She shrank from what appeared like double-dealing; yet it is plain that there was, even to her, some pleasure, in the thought of outwitting the hated constitutionalists. "There are moments," she writes, "when one must be able to dissimulate; and my position is so peculiar that it is really necessary to change my frank and independent character." But

there was nothing else to be done:—"We must do all that is required of us, and must even appear to lead where we are compelled to follow. It is perhaps one way and the only way to lull their suspicions and save our lives." It was necessary, she wrote, that the king should ostensibly accept the Constitution: "Our only hope is to lull their suspicions and to give them confidence in us. . . Believe that this must be true since it is I that say it, for you know me well enough to believe that I should be naturally inclined to a more dignified and courageous part." Yet it was a consolation to her to think that the Constitution had only to be frankly accepted by the king, in order to work out its own self-destruction. All that was wanted was—what was not to be had—ministers to assist it on its way:—

"But if we adopt this plan, we must abide by it, and above all, avoid anything that can awaken suspicion, and to act always, as it were, with the law in our hand. I assure you this is the best way to disgust them with it speedily. The trouble is that we need for this a faithful and skillful minister who would at the same time be willing to be detested by the court and the aristocracy, in order the better to serve them afterwards; for it is certain they never will again become what they have been, certainly not by themselves."

Nothing can be more pointed and vigorous than her criticisms on the absurdities of the revolutionary changes, or her arguments against the policy and intentions of the emigrants at Coblenz. Yet, with these sound views, she thought that such a declaration as the following on the part of the courts of Europe was the way to restore confidence and order to France; and she was even willing, in order to bring England into the scheme, or merely to purchase its neutrality, that the commercial interests of France, and even its territorial possessions in India or the Antilles, should be sacrificed:—

"The united powers should declare:—First, that they claim the binding nature of the treaties, and of the capitulations made with France at different times, and insist upon their faithful execution. Second, that they mutually promise to deliver up any Frenchman imbued with these maxims of revolt and sedition, who should have endeavored to disseminate them in one country, and then taken refuge in another, that he may meet with such punishment as the law awards. Third, that they should not recognize the tri-colored

flag of France, while it is only the emblem of troubles and seditions engendered by these maxims subversive of all governments.

"Such are the intentions which the united powers might announce, and whose performance they should claim."

Supposing these letters to be genuine,—and in the latter portions of the volume there can be no doubt that they accurately represent the queen's views and feelings,—they certainly must be held to justify the opinion of the revolutionary leaders that in her the new order of things had its most dangerous and implacable enemy. The cruelty and execrable brutality of those who were at the end her destroyers have long brought down on their memory its everlasting and well-deserved shame. Yet their instinct or their knowledge was not at fault when it told them that she would never rest till she had brought back France to the despotism of Louis XV. We cannot wonder that she should have shrunk with horror and disgust from a revolution which began with that outbreak at Versailles by which, as she says, she was brought face to face with death and assassination. "J'ai eu la mort de près, on s'y fait, Monsieur le Comte," she writes to Mercy. "Quand on a subi les horreurs du 5 et 6 octobre, on peut s'attendre à tout: l'assassinat est à nos portes," she writes to her brother. But the way in which she tried to arrest and check the revolution was by throwing herself into a series of dark and equivocal intrigues, by back-stairs interviews with malcontent revolutionists, by working upon men's selfishness and treachery, by trying to play against her enemies a game of deeper cunning and faithlessness than their own, by bargaining away the honor and self-respect of the nation for the re-establishment by foreign armies of a worn-out and helpless despotism. If she had perished in openly attempting to take the lead in governing France, it would have been a more worthy fate for the daughter of the empress-queen; and it is, perhaps, barely possible that she might have succeeded. But it must be remembered that her enmity to the revolution was not that of a statesman and an open and declared enemy, but of a secret and unscrupulous conspirator, who thought it monstrous that any understanding or engagement should be binding on kings towards revolutionists and democrats. All that can be said is, that she was nobler, and also wiser and more large-minded, than her party. But she was as ignorant and as indifferent as they about the real grounds and meaning of the political struggle in which she took so keen a part, which she was not behind any in inflaming and making more deadly, and of which she was, no doubt, the most illustrious victim.

From The Leisure Hour.

JEEMS, THE DOORKEEPER.*

WHEN my father was in Broughton Place Church, we had a doorkeeper called "Jeems," and a formidable little man and doorkeeper he was; of unknown age and name; for he existed to us, and indeed still exists to me,—though he has been in his grave these sixteen years,—as Jeems, absolute and *per se*, no more needing a surname than did or do Abraham or Isaac, Samson or Nebuchadnezzar. We young people of the congregation believed that he was out in the '45, and had his drum shot through and quenched at Culloden; and as for any indication, on his huge and gray visage, of his ever having been young, he might safely have been *Bottom* the weaver in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," or that excellent, ingenious, and "wise-hearted" Bezaleel, the son of Uri, whom Jeems regarded as one of the greatest of men and of weavers, and whose "ten curtains of fine twined linen, and blue and purple and scarlet," each of them with fifty loops on the edge of the selvage in the coupling, with their fifty taches of gold, he in confidential moments gave it to be understood were the sacred triumphs of his craft; for, as you may infer, my friend was a man of the treadles and the shuttle, as well as the more renowned grandson of Hurr.

Jeems's face was so extensive, and met you so formidably and at once, that it mainly composed his whole; and such a face! Sydney Smith used to say of a certain quarrelsome man, "His very face is a breach of the peace." Had he seen our friend's, he would have said he was the imperative mood on two (very small) legs, out on business in a blue great-coat. It was in the nose and the keen small eye that his strength lay. Such a nose of power, so undeniable, I never saw, except in what was said to be a bust from the antique, of Rhadamanthus, the well-known Justice-Clerk of the Pagan Court of Session! Indeed, when I was in the rector's class, and watched Jeems turning interlopers out of the church seats by merely presenting before them this tremendous organ, it struck me that if Rhadamanthus had still been here, and out of employment, he would have taken kindly to Jeems's work, and that, possibly, he was that potentate in a U.P. disguise.

Nature having fashioned the huge face, and

laid out much material and idea upon it, had finished off the rest of Jeems somewhat scrimplly, as if she had run out of means. His legs especially were of the shortest, and, as his usual dress was a very long, blue great-coat, made for a much taller man, its tails resting upon the ground, and its large hind buttons in a totally preposterous position, gave him the look of being planted, or rather, after the manner of Milton's beasts at the creation, in the act of emerging painfully from his mother earth.

Now, you may think this was a very ludicrous old object. If you had seen him, you would not have said so; and not only was he a man of weight and authority, he was likewise a genuine, indeed a deeply spiritual, Christian, well read in his Bible, in his own heart, and in human nature and life, knowing both its warp and woof; more peremptory in making himself obey his Master than in getting himself obeyed, and this is saying a good deal; and, like all complete men, he had a genuine love and gift of humor,* kindly and uncouth, lurking in those small, deep-set gray eyes, shrewd and keen, which, like two sharpest of shooters, enflamed that massive and redoubtable bulwark, the nose.

One day two strangers made themselves over to Jeems to be furnished with seats. Motioning them to follow, he walked majestically to the farthest in the corner, where he had decreed they should sit. The couple found seats near the door, and stepped into them, leaving Jeems to march through the passages alone, the whole congregation watching him with some relish and alarm. He gets to his destination, opens the door, and stands aside; nobody appears. He looks sharply round, and then gives a look of general wrath "at lairge." No one doubted his victory. His nose and eye fell, or seemed to fall on the two culprits, and pulled them out instantly, hurrying them to their appointed place. Jeems snibbed them slowly in, and gave them a parting look they were not likely to misunderstand or forget.

At that time the crowds and the imperfect ventilation made fainting a common occur-

* On one occasion a descendant of Nabal having put a crown piece into "the plate" instead of a penny, and starting at its white and precious face, asked to have it back, and was refused. "In once, in forever." "A weel, a weel," grunted he, "I'll get credit for it in heaven." "Na, na," said Jeems, "ye'll get credit only for the penny!"

* By John Brown, M.D., author of "Rab and his Friends." Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh.

rence in Broughton Place, especially among "thae young hizzies," as Jeems called the servant-girls. He generally came to me, "the young doctor," on these occasions, with a look of great relish. I had indoctrinated him in the philosophy of *syncope*s, especially as to the propriety of laying the "hizzies" quite flat on the floor of the lobby, with the head as low as the rest of the body; and as many of these cases were owing to what Jeems called "that bitter yerkin" of their bodices, he and I had much satisfaction in relieving them, and giving them a moral lesson, by cutting their stay-laces, which ran before the knife, and cracked "like a bowstring," as my coadjutor said. One day a young lady was our care. She was lying out, and slowly coming to. Jeems, with that huge, terrific visage, came round to me with his open "gully" in his hand, whispering, "Wull oo ripp'er up noo?" It happened not to be a case for ripping up. The gully was a great sanitary institution, and made a decided inroad upon the "yerking" system; Jeems having, thanks to this and Dr. Combe, every year fewer opportunities of displaying and enjoying its powers.

He was sober in other things besides drink, could be generous on occasion, but was careful of his siller; sensitive to fierceness ("We're uncommon 'zeelyous' the day" was a favorite phrase when any church matter was stirring) for the honor of his church and minister, and to his too often worthless neighbors a perpetual moral protest and lesson,—a living epistle. He dwelt at the head of Big Lochend's Close in the Canongate, at the top of a long stair,—ninety-six steps, as I well know,—where he had dwelt, all by himself, for five-and-thirty years, and where, in the midst of all sorts of flittings and changes, not a day opened or closed without the well-known sound of Jeems at his prayers,—his "exercise" at "the books." His clear, fearless, honest voice, in psalm and chapter, and strong prayer, came sounding through that wide "land," like that of one crying in the wilderness.

Jeems and I got great friends; he called me John, as if he were my grandfather; and though as plain in speech as in feature, he was never rude. I owe him much in many ways. His absolute downrightness and "yae-fauldness;" his energetic, unflinching fulfilment of his work; his rugged, sudden tender-

ness; his look of sturdy age, as the thick, silver-white hair lay on his serious and weatherworn face, like moonlight on a stout old tower; his quaint Old Testament exegetics, his lonely and contented life, his simple godliness,—it was no small privilege to see much of all this.

But I must stop. I forget that you didn't know him, that he is not your Jeems. If it had been so, you would not soon have wearied of telling or of being told of the life and conversation of this "fell body." He was not communicative about his early life. He would sometimes speak to me about "her," as if I knew who and where she was, and always with a gentleness and solemnity unlike his usual gruff ways. I found out that he had been married when young, and that "she" (he never named her) and their child died on the same day, the day of its birth. The only indication of married life in his room was an old and strong cradle, which he had cut down so as to rock no more, and which he made the depository of his books,—a queer collection.

I have said that he had what he called with a grave smile, "family" worship, morning and evening, never failing. He not only sung his psalm, but gave out or chanted "the line" in great style; and on seeing me one morning surprised at this, he said, "Ye see, John, oo," meaning himself and his wife, "began that way." He had a firm, true voice, and a genuine, though roughish gift of singing; and being methodical in all things, he did what I never heard of in any one else: he had seven fixed tunes, one of which he sung on its own set day.

Sabbath morning it was *French*, which he went through with great "burr"; Monday, *Scarborough*, which, he said, was like my father cantering; Tuesday, *Coleshill*, that soft, exquisite air,—monotonous and melancholy, soothing and vague, like the sea. This day, Tuesday, was the day of the week on which his wife and child died, and he always sung more verses then than on any other. Wednesday was *Irish*; Thursday, *Old Hundred*; Friday, *Bangor*, and Saturday, *Blackburn*, that humdrummost of tunes, "as long and lank and lean as is the ribbed sea-sand." He could not defend it, but had some secret reason for sticking to it. As to the evenings, they were just the same tunes in reversed order, only that on Tuesday night he sung *Coles-*

hill again, thus dropping *Blackburn* for evening work. The children could tell the day of the week by Jeems's tune, and would have been as much astonished at hearing *Bangor* on Monday, as at finding St. Giles's half-way down the Canongate.

I frequently breakfasted with him. He made capital porridge, and I wish I could get such buttermilk, or at least have such a relish for it, as in those days. Jeems is away, gone over to the majority; and I hope I may never forget to be grateful to the dear and queer old man. I think I see and hear him saying his grace over our bickers with their "brats" on, then taking his two books out of the cradle, and reading, not without a certain homely majesty, the first verse of the 99th Psalm—

"The eternal Lord doth reign as king;
Let all the people quake
He sits between the cherubim;
Let the earth be moved and shake" —

then launching out into the noble depths of *Irish*. His chapters were long, and his prayers short, very scriptural, but by no means stereotyped, and wonderfully real, "immediate," as if he were near Him whom he addressed. Any one hearing the sound, and not the words, would say, "that man is speaking to some one who is with him, who is present;" as he often said to me, "There's nae gude dune, John, till ye get to 'close groups.'"

From The Spectator.

THE LIFE OF GENERAL WOLFE.*

THE life of the military Nelson of England has at length been written, and, on the whole, well written, by Mr. Wright, who has successfully carried through the task commenced only to relinquish it by Gleig, and subsequently by Southey. Mr. Wright has not only possessed the advantage of access to the entire family correspondence of his hero, but has also been enabled to introduce a considerable number of letters written by Wolfe to various private friends, whose descendants have consented to thus aid the undertaking. It is now for more than a century that Wolfe's correspondence has been kept back from the world, and it turns out to be so complete and

* "The Life of Major General James Wolfe." By Robert Wright. London: Chapman and Hall. 1864.

so minute that the biographer's task is in reality reduced to that of furnishing a running commentary explanatory of allusions and descriptive of contemporaneous events. This duty has been performed by Mr. Wright most efficiently. The circumstances to which we are indebted for this long wished-for biography, and the curious vicissitudes which have led to the preservation of the principal portion of the correspondence, are recorded by Mr. Wright in his preface. The letters addressed by Wolfe to his father and mother were carefully preserved by them, and after the death of the latter, by her executor, General Warde, and his son, also General Warde. After having been placed for some time in the hands of Mr. Gleig for use in his "Lives of Military Commanders," they were borrowed by Mr. Turner on behalf of Southey. Southey, on abandoning his project, returned the letters to Mr. Turner; but they never reached their real owner, for at the sale of the library of the late Mr. Dawson Turner, of Yarmouth, the whole of the materials thus obtained were offered for sale, but were ultimately withdrawn, and after a friendly investigation of his claim, made over to Admiral Warde, grandson of the executor of Mrs. Wolfe's will. Mr. Wright, who during a residence in Canada had become thoroughly acquainted with the scene of Wolfe's crowning triumph, collected by degrees all the information within his reach relating to Wolfe's career, and ultimately conceived the idea of compiling a memoir of him which should at once be more complete and more accurate than the numerous crude and fugitive sketches of his life which had previously appeared. Besides the fortunate recovery of Wolfe's home correspondence, the still more remarkable discovery, only fifteen years ago, of a packet of letters addressed by Wolfe to his intimate friend, Colonel Rickson, has materially contributed to the completeness of Mr. Wright's work. Hitherto, owing to the inaccessibility of Wolfe's correspondence, even the leading events of his career have been but little understood.

The Wolfes were an English family, who seem to have settled "beyond the pale" at a period not exactly determined. In 1651, Captain George Wolfe was one of twenty of the defenders of Limerick who were specially excluded by Ireton from the privileges of capitulation. He ultimately escaped, however,

came to England, and married. His grandson, General Edward Wolfe, had served with distinction in the Low Countries under Marlborough, and in Scotland under Wade, before his marriage and settlement at Westerbam, in Kent, where in 1727, the future hero of Quebec was born. The first characteristic step of his life was his volunteering at the age of thirteen to accompany his father in the expedition to the West Indies under Lord Cathcart. But ardent as the boy's determination to see service was, even at that age, he had to yield to the weakness of constitution against which his whole life was a struggle, and a violent illness prevented him from joining an expedition of which the ignominious failure was the natural result of the two great vices of English military and naval administration at that time,—the utter disregard of the officers for the health, comfort, and consequent efficiency of their men, and a jealousy between the two services which frequently brought affairs to a dead lock at a most important crisis. In the following year, however, the longed-for commission was obtained, and Wolfe commenced active life at the age of fifteen as a second lieutenant in the Marines, exchanging a few months later into the 12th, or Colonel Durore's, Regiment of Foot. After a couple of years' inaction in the Low Countries, we find Wolfe first shadowing forth all the elements of his future character; he acted as adjutant throughout the battle of Dettingen with great credit, and a few days later wrote to his father a masterly report of the military bearings of the engagement, as well as a graphic description of its general features. After serving through the disastrous campaign of the ensuing year, though not present at Fontenoy, Wolfe joined the forces under Wade at Newcastle, and subsequently fought at Falkirk and Culloden. Mr. Wright quotes, in order to discredit, the story, from the "Anti-Jacobin," of Wolfe having forfeited his favor with the Duke of Cumberland by refusing to shoot a wounded Highlander at Culloden whose defiant glance irritated the latter to fury. It is difficult to believe that the popular idol of the day could have been the monster of this story. There was plenty of fighting going on in those days, and after a short stay in London, Wolfe was again in Flanders, and taking a share in the battle of Lafeldt, for which he was publicly thanked by the commander-in-chief. After a couple

of years spent in Scotland, during which the development in his character from a daring but raw youth to a man of the world, mixing freely in the society of men of rank, and writing with ease and force on all passing subjects, may be distinctly traced in his letters, still as numerous as ever. The next phase in his life is his short residence at Paris, under the patronage of our Ambassador, Lord Albemarle, in the years 1752-3. It was a strange time then, even for Paris, and Wolfe had full opportunities of mixing in society. Madame de Pompadour was in the zenith of her power, and Paris, regardless of wars and rumors of wars, was a prolonged carnival of gaiety. Lord Chesterfield was writing letters to his degenerate son, an attache at the British Embassy, in which he prophesied that before the end of the century, "the trade of both king and priest will not be half so good a one as it has been." Wolfe saw Philip Stanhope, and though he "could not give any judgment on the offspring of so great a man," he "fancies, not without some grounds, that he is infinitely inferior to his father." He seems to have entered fully into French gaiety, though he is not a little severe in his remarks on French love for it occasionally, and was much struck with their attention to external matters, such as manner and dress, and amongst other things by the affected custom of carrying umbrellas then coming into vogue. During the next four years Wolfe was quartered in different parts of England, devoting his time and energies to the improvement of the condition of all troops within his influence. Notwithstanding the popular impression as to his awkwardness and shyness in society, it is clear, from the number of men of station who were now rapidly becoming his firm friends, that he must have possessed no ordinary powers of fascination for those who really knew him. It is difficult to realize in these days the chronic fear of invasion which then kept the southern counties in a perpetual state of panic, and the anxiety and excitement amongst our scattered and scanty garrisons, of which Wolfe's letters during this period give striking illustrations. In 1756 a desperate effort was at length made by England to restore her military *prestige*, in face of the daily fear of an invasion, the loss of Minorca, losses in Canada, and the tragedy of the Black Hole in Calcutta. Additional battalions were raised

everywhere, and Highlanders enlisted for service in America. In the following year General Wolfe acted as quartermaster-general to the expedition against Rochefort, and gave advice amidst the feeble and divided counsels of the commanders which if accepted would most probably have ended in the capture of Rochefort,—a blow which, according to Louis XV., would have cost him thirty million francs to repair. In the mean time, affairs were even worse in America. Our forces were under Lord Loudoun, who, “like St. George, was always on horseback, but never rode on,” and General Hopwood, whom, according to Walpole, “a child might outwit or terrify with a pop-gun,” while a fleet of nineteen sail of the line, under Holborne, was shattered by a storm without dealing a stroke. In 1758, however, a different era commenced. The siege of Louisburg was commenced under General Amherst, Wolfe chiefly directing the siege operations by land, and Boscawen by sea,—two worthy companions in arms. Lord Chatham once said to Boscawen, “When other officers always raise difficulties, you always find expedients.” After a short interval of rest in England, Wolfe started in the following year for the glorious last scene of his life, practically as commander-in-chief of the expedition, but according to theory only as major-general, and only receiving pay as such; it was with difficulty that he even obtained a warrant for £500 for his immediate expenses. This period of his life is a household word amongst us, and welcome as all the correspondence connected with it is both to military men and Englishmen in general, it cannot heighten the colors, of the picture of heroism, genius, and duty familiar to every Englishman. But every Englishman will read with the deepest interest the details of the weary months that preceded the triumph, the discouragements, the struggling against physical weakness and illness, and the difficulties which only the genius of a Wolfe could have overcome. Wolfe’s memory would never have been forgotten; but this collection of his correspondence was alike due to him and to his country. With his private character, as far as it appears in these letters, we have little to do. It seems to have been far from agreeable, and not faultless. But as illustrating the public character of the hero of the heights of Abraham, the only military genius England pos-

sessed at a time of great difficulties, and one who took an elevated view of his profession in all its relations, in an age when that profession had in England too generally reached an inconceivable state of degradation, this publication is a national acquisition.

From The Economist.

MR. NASSAU SENIOR.

A MAN has just passed from among us, who, though scarcely to be described as a prominent political or social character, rendered in his day and generation, more important and various services to his country than many whose names are far more widely known, and will, by the public at large, be much longer remembered. Mr. Senior was for the chief part of his life, a busy and successful lawyer in his own special department, and he was made one of the Masters in Chancery before that body of men were decided to be unnecessary, and were made redundant. But it is not as a conveyancer, nor as a Chancery official, that he was either eminent or important. Our interest in him and England’s concern with him were as a sound political economist and a very sagacious and persistent social reformer. He was an early and zealous member of the Political Economy Club, indeed its oldest elected member;—and this, at a time when that science had still its battle to fight, and its spurs to win, as far, at least, as regards reputation and practical influence, and when his associates were among the most eminent of those who had made themselves great names in that literature,—as Whately, J. S. Mill, and Malthus. His reputation for thorough comprehension of this class of subjects led to his nomination to the Chair of Political Economy at Oxford, and the lectures he delivered there fully justified the choice. Ever since the topic of National Education became a prominent and practical one, Mr. Senior has been not only deeply interested, but actively engaged, in furthering its progress. He served on more than one Commission of Inquiry connected with it, and his last appearance in public was as president of the Educational Section of the Social Science Association, which met last autumn at Edinburgh, where in his seventy-second year, he delivered an elaborate address, which gave no sign of decaying intellectual powers.

For years, he was an active and voluminous writer on nearly all questions which could interest a cultivated mind,—on literature, politics, law, reform, and social progress. His contributions to the "Edinburgh Review" and to the "London Review," during its short, but very creditable, existence, were numerous and constant; and two volumes of them have recently been collected and republished. They are distinguished, as was everything he ever wrote, by singular lucidity of statement, clearness and force of logic, and manly simplicity of style,—by taste uniformly correct, and a tone of feeling and principle always moderate and almost always just.

But the great service which Mr. Senior rendered to his country was in reference to the New Poor Law in 1834. We have almost forgotten now the deplorable and alarming state into which everything connected with the management of pauperism had been suffered to fall, and the dangerous position of the rural population and property which was the consequence of our mismanagement. The rates in many districts were eating up the rental of the landholders, and demoralizing the peasantry at the same time. The whole system of poor law administration was at once vicious in principle and incredibly clumsy and foolish in practice. The government of the day saw that the evil was great, and the peril imminent; but they neither understood the subject nor had any but the vaguest conception of the remedy. Under these circumstances, they took the wisest step they could: they appointed a commission to investigate the whole matter; and on this commission Lord Althorp (who knew his men and was himself a sagacious economist), nominated Archbishop Whately, Bishop Bloomfield, Mr. Senior, Mr. Chadwick, and others. All did their work well; but it was no secret at the time, and need be none now, that the two last-named gentlemen were the real soul and mainspring of the machine. It was Mr. Senior who drew up the report which produced such a wonderful effect upon the public mind; and it was Mr. Senior principally who, when the ministers shrunk aghast from the completeness and consistently logical principle of the measure recommended,—as is the wont of ministers to do,—gradually screwed their courage to the sticking point, and by his pertinacity and persuasiveness, succeeded

at once in convincing their loose understandings, and encouraging their timid nerves. They were for something moderate and half-and-half,—some poor palliation,—some unobnoxious and pacifying patch. He insisted that if a cure in so deep-seated and eating a social malady was to be effected, it must be by the establishment of a system which would go to the root of the evil, and would be certain to justify itself in a very short time by its results. His pertinacity succeeded; and the agricultural population were rescued from the slough into which they were fast sinking; while at the same time a great step was taken toward the establishment of sound doctrines on the subject of charity in general. It rarely falls to the lot of any individual to do so much permanent good to his country by the labors of a whole life as Mr. Senior effected on this occasion by the well-directed exertion of a few brief years.

In his later life Mr. Senior occupied himself chiefly in what may be termed the social part of politics,—in observing what was going on in this and other countries closely and nearly,—in holding constant and intimate intercourse with those who, whether as statesmen or men of letters, directed and influenced public affairs,—and in acting as a channel of communication between those who otherwise might have remained in ignorance of each other's characters and views. His journals of his conversations and observations have long been, to those who were permitted to read them, among the most interesting and informing productions of the day,—though, from their frequently confidential and unreserved nature they were necessarily precluded from publication. His skill in extracting and concentrating and recording whatever was valuable in the conversation of every one with whom he had intercourse amounted to a special gift,—almost to an unique one.

We do not think that any one would describe Mr. Senior exactly as a philanthropist,—he was too cynical for that; yet he was always doing philanthropic work in the most practical and sagacious fashion. We do not know that we should class him as a moralist,—yet he was always spreading and maintaining sound doctrine on questions vitally affecting the moral welfare of mankind. He was no melting or enthusiastic lover of his species,—yet he was more ceaselessly occupied than most men in serving them and doing

them good :—and he served them better than many who professed to love them far more. We are not sure that we should speak of him as specially devoted to truth in the abstract, but he was more than most men we have known devoted to the prevalence of what was sensible and right in the concrete. He hated to see things *go wrong*,—to watch ignorance, clumsiness, or blunders. He hated folly, nonsense, and humbug. Without being precisely

a genial man, he was eminently a kindly-natured man; those who lived with him and knew him intimately loved him much; he had no disturbing or unfriendly passions of any sort or towards any one; and no prejudices to pervert an intellect singularly cool and clear. Few men have ever made more out of life. Not many are in the habit of turning it to better purpose.

THE CIRCISSIAN EXODUS.—We have seen how, on our own soil, in the midst of a highly-organized society, practical, wealthy, and benevolent to a degree unsurpassed, every energy had to be taxed to save the population of a large district from starving. But suppose organization and wealth wanting, and a sudden and continuous influx of scores of thousands of a strange people almost destitute, what would be the result? We can form some idea of it in the report of M. Barozzi to the Board of Health of the Ottoman Empire, dated the 20th ult. :—

"I arrived," he writes, "at Samsun six days ago. No words are adequate to describe the situation in which I found the town and the unfortunate immigrants. Besides the Circassians (from 8,000 to 10,000), heaped up in the khans, the ruinous buildings, and stables of the city, upwards of 30,000 individuals, coming from the encampment at Irmak and Dervend, encumber the squares, obstruct the streets, invade enclosed grounds, penetrate everywhere, remain stationed there during the whole day, and retire only late after sunset. Everywhere you meet with the sick, the dying, and the dead: on the threshold of gates, in front of shops, in the middle of streets, in the squares, in the gardens, at the foot of trees. Every dwelling, every corner of the streets, every spot occupied by the immigrants, has become a hot-bed of infection. A warehouse on the sea-side, a few steps distant from the quarantine-office, hardly affording space enough for thirty persons, enclosed till the day before yesterday 207 individuals, all sick or dying. I undertook to empty this hot-bed of pestilence. Even the porters refused to venture in the interior of this horrible hole, out of which, assisted by my worthy colleague, Aly Effendy, I drew several corpses in a state of putrefaction. This fact may convey a faint idea of the deplorable state of the immi-

grants whom they have allowed to take up their abode in town. What I saw at Trebizond will not admit of comparison with the frightful spectacle which the town of Samsun exhibits."

In the encampments from 40,000 to 50,000 individuals lay—the living without shelter or bread, the dead without sepulture—no one to take care of the immigrants, "no service organized for the burial of the dead, no horses, no carts, no boats, nothing." Between 70,000 and 80,000 immigrants at Samsun were in this fearful plight. Many had been as long as four days without rations; and of course they were rapidly dying off. Let us add that the Circassian Aid Committee are sending what money they can obtain to relieve this brave people,—the embodiment of all that we admire in patriotism and independence of spirit,—and that Messrs. Ransom and Bouverie are the channel through which subscriptions can be paid to the committee's credit.

—*London Review*, 18th June.

IRISH AND SCOTCH LOYALTY.—When George the Fourth went to Ireland, one of the "pish-ty," delighted with his affability to the crowd on landing, said to the toll-keeper, as the king passed through, "Och, now! an' his majesty, God bless him, never paid the turnpike, an' how's that?" "Oh! kings never does; we let 'em go free," was the answer. "Then there's the dirty money for ye," says Pat; "it shall never be said that the king came here, and found nobody to pay the turnpike for him." Tom Moore, on his visit to Abbotsford, told this story to Sir Walter Scott, when they were comparing notes as to the two royal visits. "Now, Moore," replied Scott, "there ye have just the advantage of us: there was no want of enthusiasm here; the Scotch folk would have done anything in the world for his majesty, except *pay the turnpike*."

NINEVEH.

We stood at evening on the Asian plain
And looked across the waste where Nineveh
Stood glorified amid her rivers once,
And pondered o'er the peoples of the land,
Long fallen amid the shadows of the past,
Long faded from the memory of time.

Around us stretched the plain,—a grassy disk,
Spotted with lowly hills and shapeless mounds,
That held entombed the dust of centuries.
Along the river side in dusky groups
The Arab tents were huddled, whence arose
The smoke of evening fires, and on the wind
Came the low neigh of horses feeding near ;
But other sound was none. Ages had fled
Since aught save the wild cry of wandering horde,
Or eagle, type of victory in old time,
Startled the sullen solitude. At length,
Wearied with fancies born of the dim scene,
We laid us on the matted floor to sleep ;
While swooned anear the tent the low night wind,
As though it murmured tongueless legends o'er,
Waiting but an interpreter to fill
The soul with wonders. Ere we sunk to rest,
We gazed upon the setting orb, whose light
Shone slantly o'er the blackness of the place ;
She only was unchanged of all that gave
Their glories to the plain ; vanished were all
The golden-vaulted chambers of the kings.
The temples full of incense and of song,
The stirring incidents of ages, when
The shawled Assyrian, charioted and armed,
Dashed through the dust of battle—all was dust,
And spirit-like she only hovered near,
Watching the world from her eternity.

Then, ere the soul was dipped in sleep, there
rose
The wish, to view the splendors of the past ;
And looking on that sphere immutable—
"Oh, Moon," we said, "that gazest o'er the
waste,

Shine through our dream and light the vanished
years

Which thou hast looked upon along this land,
Since the dusk tribes, wandering the desert o'er,
Reared their rude tents beneath the azure air
Lured by the freshness of the streams ; and then,
As years rolled on and temples rose with them,
To many a god, and many an armed tower
Looked o'er dominion widening more and more,
The wondering nations flocked from distant
climes,

And through the east and deep into the south,
As from some golden gong at sunrise swung,
Sounded the name of Nineveh."

Awile

Our spirit, lost to earth, floated along,
Enveloped in the folds of phantom clouds,
And sightless in the hollow life of night ;
But soon the distance cleared as with a dawn,
And wonder light sudden before us glowed
The mighty orient capital. It stood
High in the sunset heavens, a gloried pile,
With massy walls and mighty gateway towers,

And broad courts open to the fiery sun,
Gardens and shrines and skyey pyramids.
Upon the marble terraces, that looked
High o'er the river floating to the west,
Lay many a group in festal attitude,
Lulled by the tonings breathed from harp and
lute ;

And every soul seemed steeped in luxury,
Effeminate as the gentle summer air
That breathed around the bowers where they
reposed ;

Warrior and minstrel, prince and potentate
In revel joined, forgetting state, and lapsed
In pleasaunce enervate, as though the clime
Infused with magic elements transformed
The soldier, once the terror of the van,
Into the smooth and ringleted Sybarite.
The trees drooped heavy with perfume, and anear
A fountain playing in the rising moon,
A dusk-faced lyrist shook from out the strings
Of a small lute a shower of melody.

Forward we passed amid the shadowing streets,
And saw the people tread the round of life
'Mid sacred ceremonials, luxuries
That steeped the soul in sense—charioted trains
With conquest crowned and sacrificial pomp.
The hour seemed one of victory ; from afar,
A vanquished host moved slow with downcast
brows

And shoulders bent with many a treasure vase
Toward a great temple door that gleamed anear ;
And followed crowds of cattle, dumbly driven,
And throngs of women, huddled in despair,
With garments torn and flying, hurrying on,
Moaning in many a tongue their piteous fate.
Around the king, upon his chariot throned,
Gathered his captains and his councillors :
The booted warrior and the sandalled priest,
And many a long emaculated train,
Cunning and cold ; while troops, bearded and
armed

With shield and spear and ponderous battle-axe,
In brassy glitter, followed the victor's wheels.

Still moving with the moving cavalcade,
Upon a templed height we stood, and viewed
The gloried space around. Across the land
A river floated, like a stream from the sun,
And branched afar its golden tributaries
By breadths of summer gardens and by bowers.
Along the marble quays that flanked its sides
Full many a fountain spouted, amid heaps
Of colored fruits and bales of merchandise ;
While painted barges floated on its wave,
Heavy with riches from Arabian shores,
And islands in the sumptuous Indian seas.
Beneath us all the city seemed alive,
As with the impulse of one joy, that spread
Like light around it, and the brazen trump
Stormed triumphing around its skyey towers,
As we approached a mighty temple porch,
Whose walls colossal crowned a height ; it stood
Armed with twin effigies of power, huge forms,
Wide-winged and lion-headed, but which looked
Upon the crowd from man's immortal brow.
Before them bent the passing multitude,—
hen entered filling the vast halls that yawned

With chambers like the caverned western clouds,
 Around the walls that soared to roofs of gold,
 The mystic learning of the ancient time
 Was graven, as with the gloomy hand of death,
 Prophetic type, symbol inscrutable
 And legend long traditioned, though the learned,
 From hours when man and angel trod the earth,
 Lay in the silence of unspoken tongues ;
 Far off, the altar shone amid the priests,
 While high above them in mid-air looked down
 Dark idols with a star upon each brow.
 Beneath an opening in the cedared roof,
 Whence fell a burst of sunlight, the great King
 Stood with unsheathed sword ; the altars flamed
 With incense and the chants of victory rose
 From white-robed trains of priests and choristers ;

Around them spread the trophies of the war,
 And by the portals, scribes with reed and scroll
 Sat numbering the slaves and spoils of fight.
 Thus for a space in sacred sacrifice
 And ceremonial gorgeous passed the hours
 Till night grew radiant with the summer stars,
 While o'er the city's tracts, by shrine and bower,
 In scattered tent and pleasure chamber,
 Pealed

One rich voluptuous song of revelry,
 —*Dublin University Magazine.*

NO PEACE FOR THE WICKED.

PEACE with the serpent's nest ?
 Peace with the traitor race,
 Who have stabbed their mother's breast,
 And brought our land disgrace ?
 Whose feet were on our necks,
 Whose bravos swarm our decks,
 Who have drenched with blood our sod ?
 There is no peace ! saith our God.

Come on ! ye sunburnt men,
 From hay-field and from plough !
 Spring up from desk and pen !
 Forward ! if ever now !
 Come faces dusk and pale !
 Shall whips or thews prevail ?
 Come storm across the land,
 And win peace, hand to hand !

Remember all our dead ;
 Have they, then, died in vain ?
 The blood that they have shed
 Calls from the ground again !
 Clasp ! noble hands and true !
 Those hearts that bled for you—
 Is *this* the peace they sought ?
 The liberty they bought ?

No peace while breathes a slave !
 No peace while lurks a stain !
 No peace with brute or knave !
 No peace with love of gain !
 O patient land, endure !
 When chastened, strong, and pure,
 Like dew upon thy sod,
 Shall fall the peace of God.

—*From Harper's Weekly.*

TWILIGHT IN THE NORTH.

"UNTIL THE DAY BREAK, AND THE SHADOWS
 FLEE AWAY."

Oh the long northern twilight between the day
 and the night,
 When the heat and the weariness of the world
 are ended quite ;
 When the hills grow dim as dreams, and the
 crystal river seems
 Like that River of Life from out the Throne
 where the blessed walk in white.

Oh the weird northern twilight, which is neither
 night nor day,
 When the amber wake of the long-set sun still
 marks his western way ;
 And but one great golden star in the deep blue
 east afar
 Warns of sleep and dark and midnight,—of ob-
 livion and decay.

Oh the calm northern twilight, when labor is all
 done,
 And the birds in drowsy twitter have dropped
 silent one by one ;
 And nothing stirs or sighs in mountains, waters,
 skies,—
 Earth sleeps—but her heart waketh, till the ris-
 ing of the sun.

Oh the sweet, sweet twilight, just before the time
 of rest,
 When the black clouds are driven away, and the
 stormy winds suppressed :
 And the dead day smiles so bright, filling earth
 and heaven with light,—
 You would think 'twas dawn come back again—
 but the light is in the west.

Oh the grand solemn twilight, spreading peace
 from pole to pole !—
 Ere the rains sweep o'er the hill-sides, and the
 waters rise and roll,
 In the lull and the calm, come, O angel with the
 palm—
 In the still northern twilight, Azrael, take my
 soul.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

HOME AND HEAVEN.

BY JONES VERY.

WITH the same letter Heaven and Home begin,
 And the words dwell together in the mind ;
 For they who would a home in heaven win
 Must first a heaven in home begin to find.
 Be happy here, yet with a humble soul
 That looks for perfect happiness in heaven ;
 For what thou hast is earnest of the whole
 Which to the faithful shall at last be given,
 As once the patriarch, in vision blest,
 Saw the swift angels hastening to and fro,
 And the lone spot whereon he lay to rest
 Became to him the gate of heaven below ;
 So may to thee, when life itself is done,
 Thy home on earth and heaven above be one.

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